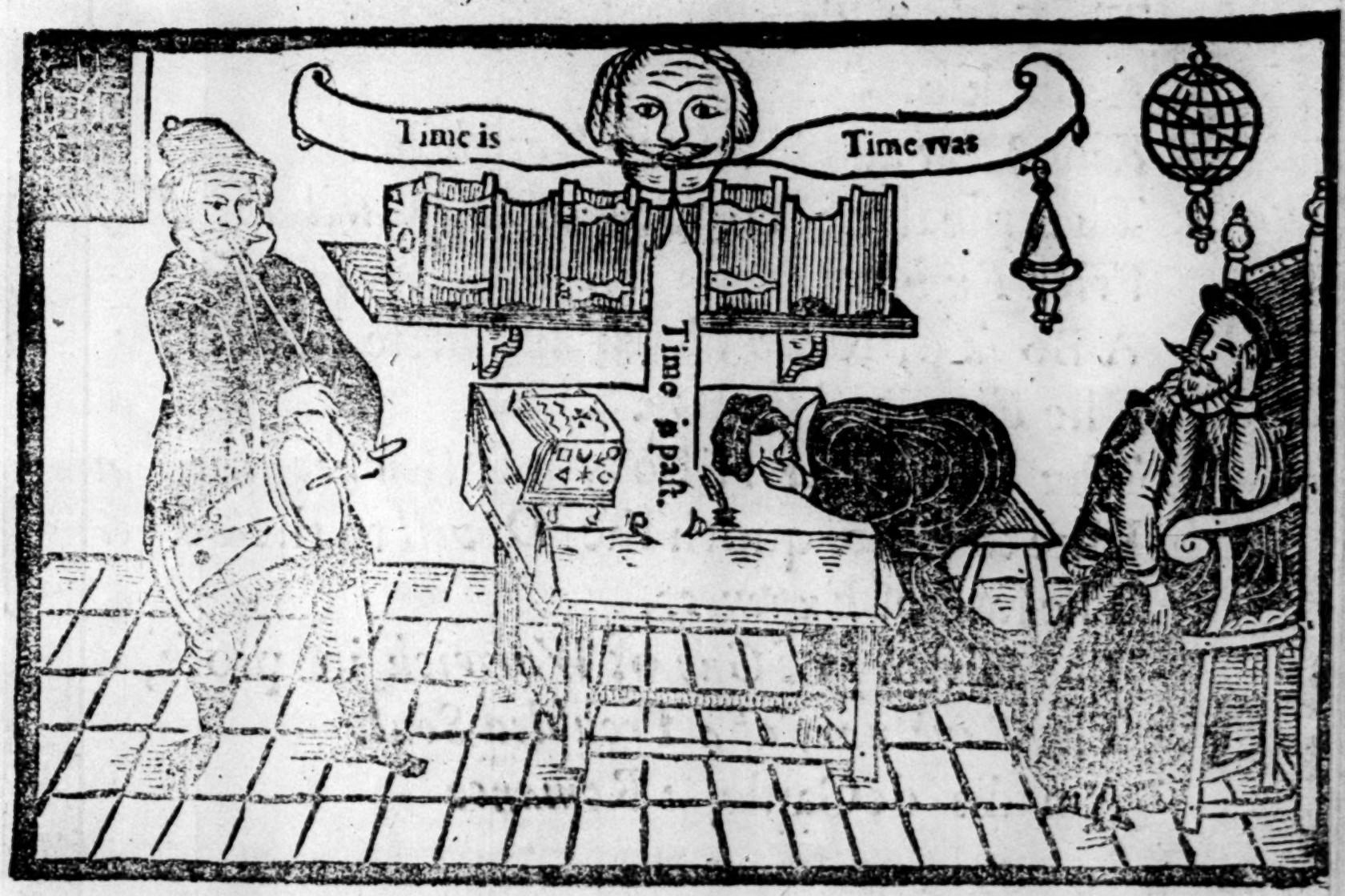
THE HONORABLE HISTORY OF FRIER BACON AND FRIER BUNGAY.

As it was lately plaid by the Prince *Palatine* his Servants

Made by *Robert Green*, Master of Arts



London, Printed by *Jean Bell*, and are to be sold at the East end of

Bookes Printed;

And are to be Sold by *Jane Bell* at the Eaſte
Of Chriſt-Church.

The famous Hiſtory of *Guy* Earle of *Warwi*
Sir. *Philip*, *Sidneis Urania*.
Bradfords Meditations.
The Treaſury of *Hidden Secrets*
A Book of *Graces*.
The *Gardiners Laborinth*.
Planting and Graffing.
The *Engliſh Horſe-man* :
Naturall and Artificiall Concluſions.
The *Owle*, a Play.
A Book of *Cookery*
King Lear and his three *Daughters*.
The pleaſant Hiſtory of *Reynard the F*
Frier *Ruſh*,
A Book of *Robin Hood*, and little *Iohn*.
The *Fryer* and *the* Boy.
The delectable Hiſtory of *Beware the C*
Like to Like, quoth the *Divell* to the *Colli*
The rate of *Expences*.
The Hiſtory of *Guy* of *Warwick* in proſe,
The *Sanctuary of a Troubled Soul*.
Amadis deGaule, *a Romance*

THE HONORABLE HISTORY OF FRYER BACON,

Enter Edward *the firſt male contented with* Lacy *Earle of Lincolne*, John Warren *Earl of Suſſex*, and Ermsby *Gentleman*: Raph Simnell *the Kings foole.*

Lacie.

WHY looks my Lord like to a troubled skie,
When heavens bright ſhine, is ſhadowed with a fog:
Alate we ran the Deere and through the Lawnds,
Stript with our Naggs the lofty frolick Bucks,
That ſcudded fore the teiſers like the wind,
Nere was the Deere of merry *Freſingfield*,
So luſtily pul'd down by jolly mates,
Nor ſharde the Farmers ſuch fat venizon,
So frankly dealt this hundred years before:
Nor have I ſeen my Lord more frolick in the chace,
And now chang'd to a melancholly dump.

Warren. After the Prince got to the Keepers lodge
And had bin iucond in the honſe a while:
Toſſing of Ale and milk in country cans,
Whether it was the Countries ſweet content,
Or elſe the bonny Damſel fil'd us drink
That ſeem'd ſo ſtately in her ſtammel red:
Or that a qualme did croſs his ſtomack then,
But ſtreight he fell into his paſſions.

Ermsby. Sirra, *Raphe*, what ſay you to your Maſter,
Shall he thus all amort live male content?
Raphe, Heareſt thou *Ned*? nay look if he will ſpeak to me.

Edward. What ſaiſt thou to me, Fool?

Raph. I prethee tell me *Ned*, art thou in love with the Keepers daughter?

Edward. How if I be, what then?

Raph. VVhy then ſirra, Ile teach thee how to deceive Love.

Edward How *Raphe.*

Raph. Marry ſirra *Ned*, thou ſhalt put on my cap, and my coat, and my dagger, and I will put on thy cloaths, and thy ſword, and ſo thou ſhalt be my fool

Edward. And what of this?

Raph. VVhy ſo thou ſhalt beguile Love, for Love is ſuch a proud ſcab, that he will never meddle with fooles nor children. Is not *Raphes* counſel good *Ned.*

Edward. Tell me, *Ned Lacie*, didſt thou marke the maid,
How lively in her countrey weeds ſhe look't?
A bonier wench all Suffolk cannot yeeld,
All Suffolk, nay all England holds none ſuch.

Raphe. Sirra, *Will Ermsby*, *Ned* is deceiued,

Ermsby. Why *Raphe*?

Raphe. He ſayes all England hath no ſuch, and I ſay, and ile ſtand to it, there is not better in Warwickſhire.

Warren. How proveſt thou that *Raphe.*

Raphe. Why is the Abbot a learned man, and hath he read many books, and thinkeſt thou he hath not more learning then thou to chooſe a bonny wench, yes warrant I thee by his whole Grammar.

Ermsby. A good reaſon, *Raphe.*

Edward. I tell thee *Lacie* that her ſparkling eyes
Do lighten forth ſweet loves alluring fire:
And in her treſſrs ſhe doth fold the lookes
Of ſuch a gaize upon her golden haire,
Her baſhful white mixt with the mornings red,
Luna doth boaſt upon her lovely cheekes,
Her frontis beauties table when ſhe paints
The glories of her gorgious excellence:
Her teeth are ſhelves of precious Margarites,
Richly encloſed with ruddie curroll cleves,
Tuſh *Lacie* ſhe is beauties over match.

If thou ſurpaſt her curious imagerie,
Lacie. I grant (my Lord) the Damſel is as faire,
As ſimple *Suffolks* homely townes can yeeld:
But in the Court be qainter Dames then ſhe,
Whoſe faces are enricht with honors taint,
Whoſe beauties ſtand upon the ſtage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the Court of Love.
Edw. Ah *Ned*, but hadſt thou watcht her as my ſelf,
And ſeen the ſecret beauties of the maid,
Their courtly coineſs were but foolery.
Ermsby. Why how watcht you her my Lord?
Edward. When as the ſwept like *Venus* through the honſe,
And in her ſhape faſt fculded up my thoughts:
Into the Milk houſe went I with the maid,
And there amongſt the eream-boles ſhe did ſhine,
As *Pallas* 'mongſt her Princely huswiferie:
She turnd her ſmock over her lilly armes,
And dived them into milk to run her cheeſ:
But whiter then the milk her criſtal skin,
Checked with lines of Azur made her bluſh,
That Art or Nature durſt bring for compare,
Ermsby if thou hadſt ſeen as I did note it well,
How beauty plaid the huswife, how this girle
Like *Lucrece* laid her fingers to the work.
Thou wouldſt with *Tarquin* hazard *Rome* and all
To win the lovely maid of *Freſingfield.*
Raphe. Sirra, *Ned*, wouldſt fain have her?
Edward. I, *Raphe.*
Raph. Why *Ned*, I have laid the plot in my head, thou ſhalt have her already.
Edward. Ile give thee a new coat and learn me that.
Raph. Why ſirra *Ned*; weell ride to *Oxford* to Fryer *Bacon*, oh hee is a brave ſcholler ſirra, they ſay he is a brave Nigromancer, that he can make women of devils, and he can iuggle cats into Coſtermongers.
Edward. And how then *Raph*?
Raph. Mary ſirra, thou ſhalt go to him, and becauſe thy father *Henry* ſhall not miſſe thee, he ſhall turn me to thee; and

lle to the Court, and lle prince it out, and he shall make thee either a silken purse, full of gold, or else a fine wrought smock,

Edward. But how shall I have the maid?

Raphe. Marry sirra, if thou be'st a silken purse full of gold then on Sundaies she'le hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now sir when she comes into a great presse of people, for fear of the Cut-purse on a sudden she'l swap thee into her placked, then sirra being there, you may plead for your self.

Ermsby Excellent policy.

Edward. But how if I be a wrought smock?

Raphe. Then she'l put thee into her chest and lay thee into Lavender, and upon some good day shee'l put thee on, and at night when you go to bed, then being turnd from a smock to a man, you may make up the match.

Lacie. Wonderfully wisely counselled, *Raphe.*

Edward. *Raphe* shall have a new Coat.

Raphe. God thank you when I have it on my back, *Ned.*

Edward. *Lacie* the fool hath laid a perfect plot,
For why our Countrey *Margret* is so coy,
And stands so much upon her honest points,
That marriage or no market with the maid:
Ermsby, it must be nigromantick spels,
And charmes of Art that must inchain her love,
Or else shall *Edward* never win the girle,
Therefore my wags we'l horse us in the morn,
And post to *Oxford* to this jolly Fryer,
Bacon shall by his Magick do this deed.

Warren. Content my Lord, and thats a speedy way
To wean these head-strong puppies from the teat.

Edward. I am unknown, not taken for the Prince,
They onely deem us frolick Courtiers,
That revell thus among our Lieges game:
Therefore I have devised a policy,
Lacie, thou knowst next Friday is St. *Iames*,
And then the Country flocks to *Hurlston* faire,
Then will the keepers daughter frolicke there,
And over-shine the troup of all the maids,
That come to see, and to be seen this day.

Haunt

Haunt thee diſguis'd among the Countrie ſwaines,
Faine th'art a Farmers ſonne, not farre from thence,
Eſpie here loves, and who ſhe liketh beſt:
Coat him, and court her to controle the clowne,
Say that the Courtier tyred all in greene,
That helpt her hanſomly to run her cheeſe,
And fild her fathers lodge with veniſon,
Commends him and ſends fairings to her ſelfe,
Buy ſomething worthy of her parentage,
Not worth her beauty, for *Lacie*, then the Faire
Affords no Iewell fitting for that maide:
And when thou talkeſt of me note if ſhe bluſh,
Oh then ſhe loves, but if her cheekes waxe paile,
Diſdaine it is. *Lacie*, ſend how ſhe fares,
And ſpare no time nor coſt to win her loves.

Lacie. I will my Lord, ſo execute this charge,
As if that *Lacie* were in love with her.

Edward. Send letters ſpeedily to *Oxford* of the newes.

Raphe. And ſirra *Lacie*, buy me a thouſand thouſand million of fine bells.

Lacie. What wilt thou do with them, *Raphe*?

Raphe. Mary every time that *Ned* ſighs for the keepers daughter, Ile tye a bell about him, ſo that in three or foure dayes I will ſend word to his father *Henry*, that his ſonne and my maſter *Ned* is become Loves Morris dance.

Edward. Well, *Lacie*, looke with care unto thy charge.
And I will haſte to *Oxford* to the Fryer,
That he by arte and thou by ſecret gifts,
Maiſt make me Lord of merry *Freſingfield.*

Lacie. God ſend your honour your hearts deſire. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fryer Bacon, *With Miles his poore ſcholer with bookes under his arme, with them* Burden, Maſon, Clement, *three Doctors.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. Hic ſum doctiſſime & reuerendiſſime Doctor.

Bacon. Attuliſti nos libros meos de Necromantia.

Miles. Eece *quam bonum & quam incundum habitare libros in*

Bacon. Now Maſters of our Academick State,
That rule in *Oxford* Vice-roies in your place,
Whoſe heads contain Maps of the liberal Arts,
Spending your time in depth of learned skil,
Why flock you thus to *Bacons* ſecret Cel,
A Fryer newly ſtald in Brazednoſe,
Say whats your minde, that I may make reply.

Burden. *Bacon*, we hear, that long we have ſuſpect,
That thou art read in Mag cks miſtery,
In Piromancy, to divine by flames,
To tell by Hadromatick, ebbs and tides,
By Eromancy to diſcover doubts,
To plain out queſtions, as *Apollo* did.

Bacon. Well Maſter *Burden*, what of all this?

Miles. Marry ſir, he doth but fulfill by rehearſing of theſe names, the Fable of the Fox and the Grapes, that which is above us, pertains nothing to us.

Burden. I tell the *Bacon*, *Oxford* makes report,
Nay *England*, and the Court of *Henry* ſayes,
Thart making of a brazen head by Art,
Which ſhall unfold ſtrange doubts and Aphoriſmes,
And read a Lecture in Philoſophy,
And by the help of devils and ghaſtly fiends,
Thou meanſt ere many yeers or dayes be paſt,
To compaſs *England* with a wall of braſs.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this, Maſter? why he doth ſpeak myſtically, for he knows if your skil fail to make a brazen head, yet Mother Waters ſtrong Ale will fit his turn to make him have a copper noſe.

Clement. *Bacon*, we come not greeving at thy skil,
But ioying that our Academy yeelds
A man ſuppos'd the wonder of the world,
For if thy cunning work theſe miracles,
England and *Europe* ſhall admire thy fame,
And *Oxford* ſhall in characters of braſs,
And ſtatutes, ſuch as were built up in *Rome*,
Eternize Fryer *Bacon* for his Art.

Mason. Then gentle Frier, tell us thy intent.

Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the Fryer
Resolve you Doctors, *Bacrn* can by bookes,
Make storming boreas thunder from his cave,
And dimme faire Luna to a darke Eclipse,
The great Arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles, when *Bacon* bids him or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his Pentageron.
What arte can worke the frolicke Frier knowes,
And therefore will I turne my magicke bookes,
And straine out Nigromancie to the deepe,
I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of brasse,
(I made Belcehon hammer out the staffe)
And that by arte shall read Philosophy,
And I will strengthen *England* by my skill,
That if ten *Cæsars* liv'd and raign'd in Rome,
With all the Legions Europ doth containe,
They should not touch a grasse of English ground,
The worke that *Niuus* reard at Babylon,
The brazen walls fram'd by *Semiramais*,
Carved out like to the protall of the Sunne,
Shall not be such as rings the English strond :
From Dover to the market place of Rye.

Burden. Is this possible ?

Miles. Ile bring ye two or three wittnesses.

Burden. What be those?

Miles. Marry sir, three or foure of the honest Devils, and good companions as any be in hell.

Mason. No doubt but magicke may doe much in this,
For he that reads but mathematicke rules,
Shall find conclusions, that availe to worke
Wonders that passe the common sence of men.

Burden. But *Bacon* roues a bow beyond his reach,
And tels of more then Magicke can performe :
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries,
Have I not past as fare in state of schooles,

And

And read of many secrets yet to think.
That heads of brass can utter any voyce,
Or more to tell of deep Philosophy,
This is a Fable *Esop* had forgot.

Bacon. *Burden*, thou wrongst me in detracting thus,
Bacon loves not to stuffe himself with lies,
But tell me fore these Doctors if thou dare,
Of certain questions *I* shall move to thee.

Burden. I will, aske what thou can.

Miles. Marty sir, heel'e straight be on your pick-pack to know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most worthy.

Bacon. Were you not yesterday master *Burden* at *Henley* upon Theames?

Burden. I was, what then?

Bacon. What book studied you there on all night?

Burden. I, none at all, I read not there a line.

Bacon. Then Doctors, Fryer *Bacon* Art knows nought.

Clement. What say you to this, Master *Burden*, doth he not touch you?

Burden. I pass not of his frivolous speeches.

Miles. Nay Master *Burden*, my master ere hee hath done with you, will turn you from a Doctor to a Dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave you no more learning, in you then is in *Balams* Asse.

Bacon. Masters, for that learned *Burdens* skil is deep,
And fore he doubts of *Bacons* Cabalism:
Ile shew you why he haunts to *Henly* oft,
Nor Doctors for to taste the fragrant aire:
But there to spend the night in Alcumy,
To multiply with secret spels of Art.
Thus private steales he learning from us all,
To prove my saying true, Ile shew you straight,
The book he keeps at *Henly* for himself.

Miles. Nay, now my Master goes to conjuration, take heed.

Bacon. Masters, stand still, fear not, Ile shew you but his book.

Here

Here hee conjures.

Per omnes deos infernales Belcephon.

Enter a woman with a ſhoulder of mutton on a ſpit, and a Deuill.

Miles. Oh maſter ceaſe your coniuration, or you ſpoile all, for her's a ſhe devill come with a ſhoulder of mutton on a ſpit. you have marde the devill ſupper, but no doubt he thinkes our Colledge faire is ſlender, and ſo hath ſent you his cooke with a ſhoulder of mutton to make it exceed.

Hoſteſſe. Oh where am I, or whats become of me?

Bacon. What art thou?

Hoſteſſe. Hoſteſſe at *Henly*, miſtreſſe of the Bell.

Bacon. How cameſt thou here?

Hoſteſſe. As I was in the kitchen mongſt the maids,
Spitting the meate againſt ſupper for my gueſſe:
A motion moved me to look forth of dore,
No ſooner had I pryed into the yard,
But ſtraight a wirlewind hoiſted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft unto the clouds:
Aa in a trance I thought nor feared nought,
Nor knew I where or whether I was tane,
Nor where I am, nor what theſe perſons be.

Bacon. No, know you not maſter *Burden*?

Hoſteſſe. Oh yes good ſir, he is my daily gueſt.
What, maſter *Burden*, 'twas but yeſternight,
That you and I at *Henly* p'aid at cards.

Burden. I know not what we did, a pox of all coniuring, friers.

Clemant. Now iolly Fryer tell us, is this the booke
That *Burden* is ſo carfull to looke on?

Bacon. It is, but *Burdee*, tell me now,
Thinkeſt thou that *Bacons* Nicromanticke skill
Cannot performe his hed and wall of braſſe,
When he can fetch thy hoſteſſe in ſuch poſt?

Miles. Ile warrant you Master, if Master *Burden* could conjure as well as you, he wonld have his booke every night from *Henly* to study on at *Oxford*.

Mason. Burden, What are you mated by this frolicke Fryer?
Looke how he drops, his gvilty conscie
Drives him to bash and makes his hostesse blush,

Bacon. Well Mistris for I will not have you mist,
You shall to *Henly* to cheere up your guests
Fore supper ginne, *Burden*, bid her adew,
Say farewell to your hostesse fore she goes,
Sirra away, and set her selfe at home.

Hostesse. Master *Burden*, when shall we se you at *Henly*?

Enter Hostesse and the Devill.

Burden. The Devill take thee and *Henly* to.

Miles. Master shall I make a good motion?

Bacon. Whats that?

Miles. Mary sir, now that my hostesse is gone to provid supper, coniure an other spirit, and send Docter *Burden* flying after.

Bacon. Thus Rulers of our Academicke State,
You have seene the Fryer frame his Art by proofe:
And as the Colledge called Brasen-nose,
Is under him, the Master there:
So surly shall this head of brasse be fram'd,
And yeeld forth strauge and uncouth Aphorismes:
And Hell and Hecate shall faile the Fryer,
But I will circle *England* sound with brasse.

Miles. So be it, *& munc & semper*, Amen.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Margret *the faire mayd of* Fresinfield, *with* Thomas *and* Ione: *and other clownes:* Lacie *disguisen in Country apparel.*

Thomas. By my troth, *Margret*, her's a wether is adle to make a man call his father horson, if this wether hold, we shall

have

have hay good chape, and butter and cheese at *Harlston* will bear no price.

Margree. *Thomas*, maids when they come to see the fare
Count not to make a cohe for dearth of hay,
When we have turn'd our butter to the salt,
And set our chese upon the racks.
Then let our father prise it as they please,
We Country sluts of merry fresingfield,
Come to buy needlesse noughts to make us fine,
And looke that youug-men should be francke this day,
And court us with such fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blith and, frolicke, looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely *Semele*:
Swearing the Pedlars shall have emty packs,
If that faire weather may make chapmen buy.

Lacie. But lovely *Peggy Semele* is dead,
And therefore *Phœbus* from his palace pries,
And seeing such a sweete and seemly saint,
Shewes all his glory for to court your selfe.

Margret. This is a fairing gentle sir iudeed,
To sooth me up with such smooth flatterie,
But learne of me, you scofte's to broad before;
Well *Ione*, onr beavty must abide their iests,
We serve the turn in iolly Fresingfield.

Ioane. *Margret*, a Farmers daughter for a Farmers sonne,
I warnt you the meanest of us both,
Shall have a mate to lead us from the Church:
But *Thomas*, whats the news? what in a dumpe?
Give me your hand, we are neere a Pedlars shop,
Out with your purse we must have fairings now.

Thomas, Faith *Ione* and shall, Ile bestow a fairing on you, and then we will goe to the Tavern, and snap of a pint of wine or two.

All this while Lacie *whisper* Margret *in the eare.*

Margret. Whence are you sir, of Suffolke? for your tearnes are finer then the common sort of men.

Lacy, Faith lovely girle, I am of *Beckles* by,
Your neighbour not above six miles from hence,
A Farmers sonne that never was so quaint,
But that he could do courtesie to such Dames:
But trust me *Margret* I am sent in charge,
From him that reveld in your fathers house,
And fild his Lodge with cheere and venison,
Tyed in greene, he sent you this rich purse:
His token that he help your run your cheese.
And in the milkehouse chatted with your selfe.

Margret. To? me you forget your selfe.

Lacy. Women are often weake in memory.

Margret. Oh pardon sir, I call to mind the man,
Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love:
For we have little leisure to debate of that.

Ione. What *Margret*, blush not, maids must have their loves.

Thomas, Nay by the masse she lookes pale as if she were angrie.

Richard. Sirra are you of Beckles? I pray how doth goodman

Cob. my father bought a horse of him, Ile tell you *Margret*, a were good to be a Gentilemans iade, for of all things the foule hilding could not abide a dung-cart.

Margret. How different is this Farmer from the rest,
That earst as yet hath pleas'd my wandring sight
His words are wittey, puickned with a smile,
His courtesie gentle, smelling of the Court,
Facill and debonaire in all his deeds,
Proportoin'd as was *Paris*, when in gray,
He courted *Ænon* in the vale by *Troy*,
Great Lords have come and pleaded for my love,
Who but the Keepers Lasse of *Fresingfield*?
And yet methinks this Farmers ioylly soone,
Passeth the proudest that hath bleas'd mine eye.
But *Peg* disclose not that thou art in love.

And ſhew as yet no ſigne of love to him,
Although thou well wouldſt wiſh him for thy love:
Keep that to thee till time doth ſerve thy turn,
To ſhew the greef wherein thy heart doth burn.
Come *Ione* and *Thomas*, ſhall we to the Faire,
You Beckles man will not forſake us now.
Lacy. Not whilſt I may have ſuch quaint girles as you.
Margret. Well if you chance to come by Freſingfield,
Make but a ſtep into the keepers Lodg,
And ſuch poor fair as Woodmen can afford,
Butter and Cheeſe, cream and fat venizon,
You ſhall have ſtore, and welcome there withal,
Lacy. Gramarcies *Peggi*, look for me ere long.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Henry *the third, the Emperour, the King of Caſtile*, Elinor *his daughter*, Jaques Vandermaſt *a Germane.*

Henry. Great men of *Europ*, Monarks of the Weſt,
Ring'd with the walls of old *Oceanus*,
Whoſe lofty ſurges like the battlements,
That compaſt high built Babel in with Towres,
Welcome my Lords, welcome brave weſtern Kings,
To *Englands* ſhore; whoſe promontory cleeves,
Shewes *Albion* is another little world,
Welcome ſayes Engliſh *Henry* to you all,
Chiefely unto the lovely *Elinor*,
Who dard for *Edwards* ſake cut through the ſeas,
And venture as *Agenors* Damſel through the deep,
To get the love of *Henries* wanton ſon,
Caſtile. *Englands* rich Monark brave *Plantagenes*,
The Pyren Mounts ſwelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy *Caſtile* in with wals,
Could not detain the beautious *Elenor*,
But hearing of the fame of *Edwards* youth,
She dard to brook *Neptunus* haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward *Eolus*,

Then

Then may faire *England* welcome her the more.
Elinor. After that Engliſh *Henery* by his Lords,
Had ſent Prince *Edwards* lovely counterfeit,
A preſent to the coſtly *Elinor*,
The comly pourtrait of ſo brave a man,
The vertuous fame diſcovered of his deeds,
Edwards couragious reſolution,
Done at the holy Land fore Damas walls,
Lad both mine eye and thoughts in equal links,
To like ſo of the Engliſh Monarchs ſonne,
That I attempted perils for his ſake.
Emperour. Where is the Prince, my Lord?
Henerie. He poſted downe, not long ſince from the Ccourt,
To Suffolk ſide, to merry Fremingham,
To ſport himſelfe amongſt my fallow Deere,
From thence by pakets ſent to Hamton houſe,
We heare the Prince is ridden with his Lords,
To Oxford in Academy there,
To here diſpute amongſt the learned men:
But we will ſend forth letters for my ſonne,
To will him come from Oxford to the Court.
Emp. Nay rather *Henery*, let us as we be,
Ride for to viſit Ozford with our traine,
Fain wovld I ſee your Univerſities,
And what learned meu your Academy yeelds,
From *Haſpurg* have I brought a learned Clerke,
To hold diſpute with Engliſh Orators.
This Doctor ſurnam'd *Iaques Vandermaw*,
A Germane borne, paſt into *Padua*,
To *Florince*, and to faire *Bolonia*,
To *Paris*, *Rheims*, and ſtraitly *Orleans*.
And talking there with men of Art, put downe
The chiefeſt of them all in Aphoriſemes,
In Magicke, and the Mathematike rules,
Now let us henery srie him in your Schoole.
Hnery. He ſhall my Lord, this motion likes me well,

Weele progreſſe ſtraight to *Oxford* with our traines,
And ſee what men our Academy brings.
And wonder *Vandermaſt* welcome to me,
In *Oxford* ſhalt thou find a iolly Fryer,
Cald Fryer *Bacon*, *Englands* only flowre,
Set him but Non-plus in his magicke ſpels,
And make him yeeld in Mathematick rules,
And for thy glory I will bind thy browes,
Not with a Poets Garland made of Bayes,
But with a Coronet of choiceſt gold,
Whilſt then we ſit at *Oxford* with our troupes,
Lets in and banquet in our Engliſh Court. *Exit.*

Enter Raphe Simnell *in* Edwards *apparell*, Edward, Warren, Ermsby, *diſguiſed.*

Raphe. Where be theſe vagaboud knaves, that they attend no better on their maſter ?

Edward. If it pleaſe your Honour, we a e ready at an inch.

Raphe. Sirra *Ned*, Ile have no more poſt-horſes to ride on, Ile have another ſetcht.

Ermsby. I pray you how is that, my Lord?

Raphe. Mary ſir, Ile ſend to the Ile of Eely for foure or five dozen of Geeſe, and Ile have them tide ſix and ſix together with whip-cord. Now upon their backs will I have a faire field bed with a Canopy, and ſo when it is my pleaſure, Ile flee into what place I pleaſe ; this will be eaſie.

Warren. Your honour hath ſaid well, but ſhall we to *Brazen*-noſe Colledge before we pull off our bootes.

Ermsby. *Warren*, well motioned, we will to the Frier
Before we revell it within the towne.
Raphe, ſee you keep your countenance like a Prince.

Raphe. Wherefore have I ſuch a company of cutting knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance againſt all mine enemies? have you not good ſwords and bucklers?

Enter Bacon *and* Miles.

Ermsby. Stay, who comes here?

Warren. Some Scholer, and we'le aske him where Frier *Bacon* is.

Bacon. Why thou arrent dunce, ſhall I never make thee good ſcholer, doth not all the Towne crie out and ſay, Fryer *Bacons* ſubſiſer is the greateſt block-head in all Oxford? why thou canſt not ſpeake one word of true Latine.

Miles. No ſir, what is this elſe; *Ego ſum tuus homo*, I am your man, Ile warrent you ſir, as good *Iullies* phraſe as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Come ſirra, what part of ſpeech is *Ego*.

Miles. *Ego*, that is I, mary *nomen ſubſtantivo*.

Bacon. How prove you that?

Miles Why ſir, let him prove himſelfe and a will, I can be heard felt and underſtood.

Bacon. Oh groſſe dunce.

Here beate him,

Edward. Come let us breake of this diſpute between theſe two Sirra, where is Braiſon-noſe Colledge?

Miles. Not fare from Copper-ſmiths hall.

Edward. What doeſt thou mock me?

Miles. Not I ſir, but what would you at Brazen-noſe?

Ermsby. Mary we would ſpeake with Fryer *Bacon*.

Miles. Whoſe men be you?

Ermsby. Mary ſcholler, here's our maſter.

Raphe. Sirra, I am the maſter of theſe good-fellowes, maiſt thou not know me to be a Lord by my reparrell?

Miles. Then here's good game for the hawke, for here's the maſter foole, and a couie of Cockscombes, one wiſe man I thinke would ſpring you all.

Edward. Gogs wounds *Warren* kill him.

Warren Why *Ned*, I thinke the devill be in my ſheath, I cannot get out my dagger.

Ermsby. Nor I mine, Swones *Ned*, I thinke I am bewitcht.

Miles. A company of Scabbes, the provdeſt of you all draw your weapon if he can.

See how boldly I ſpke now my maſter is by.
Edward. I ſtrive in vaine, but if my ſword by ſhut,
And coniured faſt by magick in my ſheath,
Villaine here is my fiſt.

Strike him a boxe on the eare.

Miles. Oh I beſeeeh you conuire his hand to, that he may not lift his armes to his head, for he is light-fingr'd,
Raphe. *Ned* ſtrike him, Ile warrnt thee by mine honour.
Bacon. What meanes the Engliſh Prince to wrong my man?
Edward. to whom ſpeakeſt thou?
Bacon. To thee.
Edward. Who art thou?
Bacon. Could you not judge when all your ſwords grew faſt,
That Fryer *Bacon* was not far from hence,
Edward King *Henries* ſonne, and Prince of Wales,
Thy foole diſgvis'd cannot conceale thy ſelfe,
I know both *Ermsby* and the Suſſex Earle,
Elſe Frier *Bacon* had but little skill.
Thou comeſt in poaſt from merry Freſingfield,
Faſt fancyed to the Keepers bonny Laſſe,
To crave ſome ſuccour of the iolly Fryer,
And *Lacy* Earle of Lincolne haſt thou left,
To treate Faire *Margret* to allow thy loves:
But friends are men, and Love can baffle Lords,
The Earle both wooes and courts her for himſelfe.
Warren. *Ned*, this is ſtrange, the Fryer knows al.
Ermsby. *Apollo* could not utter more then this.
Edward. I ſtand amazed to here of this jolly Fryer,
Tell even the very ſecrets of my thoughts:
But learned *Bacon* ſince thou knew the cauſe,
Why I did poaſt ſo faſt from Freſingfield.
Helpe Fryer at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely *Margret* to my ſelfe,
And as *I* am the Prince of Wales, Ile give,
Living and lands to ſtrength thy Colledge ſtate.

Warren Good Fryer helpe the Prince in this.

Raphe. Why ſernant *Ned*, wil not the Fryer doe it? Were not my ſword glved to my ſcabberd by coniuration, I would cut off his head and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith my Lord, your manhood and your ſword is al a like, they are ſo faſt coniured that we ſhal never ſee them.

Ermsby. What Docter in a dump? tuſh helpe the Prince,
And thou ſhalt ſee how liberall he wil prove.

Bacon. Crave not ſuch actions, greater dumps then theſe,
I will my Lord ſtraine out my magicke ſpels,
For this day comes the Earle of Freſingfield;
And fore that night ſhut in the day with darke,
They'le be betrothed each to other faſt:
But come with me, weel to thy ſtudy ſtraight,
And in a glaſſe proſpective I will ſhew
What's done this day in merry Freſingfield.

Edward. Gramarcies *Bacon*, I will quit thy pain.

Bacon. But ſend thy traine, my Lord, unto the Towne,
My ſcooler ſhal go and bring them to their Inne:
Meane while weel ſee the knavery of the Earle.

Edward. Warren, leave me and *Ermsby*, take the foole,
Let him be maſter, and goe revell it,
Till I and Frier *Bacon* talke a while.

Warren. We will, my Lord.

Raphe. Faith *Ned*, and Ile Lord it out till thou commeſt, Ile be Prince of *Wales* over all the black pots in *Oxford*. *Exeunt.*

Bacon *and* Edward *goes into the ſtudy.*

Bacon. Now frolicke *Edward*, welcome to my Cell,
Here tempers Fryer *Bacon* many toyes:
And hold this place his Conſiſtory Court,
Wherein the devils pleade homage to his words,
Within this glaſſe proſpective thou ſhalt ſee
This day what's done in merry Freſingfield,
Twixt lovely *Peggie* and the *Lincolne* Earle.

Edward.

Edward. Fryer. thou gladſt me, now ſhall *Edward* trie,
How *Lacy* meaneth to his Soueraigne Lord.
Bacon. Stand there and looke directly in the glaſſe.

Enter Margret *and Fryer* Bungay.

Baco. What ſees my Lord?
Edward. I ſee the Keepers lovely laſſe appear,
As bright-ſunne as the paramont of *Mars*,
Only attend bya jolly Fryer.
Bacon. Sit ſtill and keepe the criſtall in your eye.
Margret. But tel me Fryer *Bungay*, it is true,
That this faire courtious Country Swain,
VVho ſaies his father is a Farmer nye.
Can be Lord *Lacy* Earle of Lincornſhier.
Bungay. *Peggie*, 'tis time, 'tis *Lacy* for my life:
Or elſe mine Art and cunning both doth faile,
Leſt by Prince *Edward* to procure his loves:
For he in greene that helpe to run your cheeſe,
Is ſon to *Henry*, and the prince of VVales.
Margret. But what he wil, his love is but for luſt.
But did Lord *Lecie* like poor *Margret*,
Or would he daine to wed a Countrie Laſſe?
Fryer, I would his humble hand-maid be,
And for great wealth, quite him with courteſie.
Bungay. Why *Margret* doſt love him?
Margret. His perſonage like a pride of vauntiag Troy,
Might well avouch to ſhadow *Hellins* cape:
His wit is quicke and ready in conceit,
As Greece affoorded in her chiefeſt prime
Courteous, ah Fryer full of pleaſing ſmiles,
Truſt me I love too much; to tel the more,
Suffice to me he is Engliſh Paramour.
Bungay. Hath not each eye that viewd thy pleaſing face.
Surnamed thee fair maid of Freſingfield?
Margret. Yes *Bungay*, and would God the lovely Earle

Had that in eſſe, that ſo many ſought.
Bungay. Fear not, the Frier will not be behind,
To ſhew his cunning or entangle Love.
Edward. I think the Fryer courts the bonny wench
Bacon, me thinkes he is a luſtie churle
Bacon. Now looke, my Lord

Enter Lacy.

Edward. Gogs wounds *Bacon*, here comes *Lacy.*
Bacon. Sit ſtill my Lord, and marke the Comedy.
Bungay Here's *Lacy*, *Margret*, ſtep a ſide a while.
Lacy. *Daphne* the Damſell, that caught *Phœbus* faſt,
And lockt him in the brightneſſe of her lookes,
Was not ſo beautyous in *Apollo's* eyes,
As is fair *Margret* to the Lincolne Earle,
Recant thee: *Lacy*, thou art put in truſt,
Edward the Soveraine ſon hath choſen thee
A ſecret friend to court him her for himſelfe:
And darſt thou wrong thy Prince with trecherie?
Lacy, Love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deemes it of a Prince, but as a man:
Honour bids me controle him in his luſt,
His wooing is not for to wed the girle,
But to intrap her and beguild the laſſe:
Lacy, thou loveſt, then brooke not ſuch a buſe,
But wed her, and abid thy Princes frowne:
For dye, then ſee her live diſgrac'd.
Margret. Come, Frier, I will ſhake him from his dumpes,
How cheere you ſir, a penny for my thought:
Your early up, pray God it be the neere,
What 'are come from Backles in a morn ſo ſoone?
Lacy. Thus watchfull are ſuch man as live in love,
Whoſe eyes brooke broken ſlumbers for their ſleepe.
I tell thee, *peggie*, ſince laſt Harlſton fair,
My mind hath felt a heape of paſſions.

Margret. A trusty man that court for your friend,
Woe you still for the Courtier all in greene?
I marvell that he sues not for him selfe.
Lacy. *Peggie*, I pleaded first to get your grace for him:
But when mine eyes survaid your beautious lookes,
Love like a wagge straight dived into my heart,
And there did shrine the Idea of your selfe:
Pittie me though I be a Farmers sonne,
And measure not my riches, but my love.
Margret. You are very hasty for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring,
Love ought to creep as doth the dials shade,
For timely ripe, is rotten too too soone.
Bungay. *Deus hic*, roome for a merry Frier,
What youth of Beckles, with the Keepers Lasse?
'Tis well, but tell me here you any newes.
Margret. No, Frier, what newes.
Bungay. Hear you not how the Pursevants do poast,
With Proclamations through each country towne?
Lacy. For what gentle Fryer? tell the newes.
Bungay. Dwelst thou in Beckles, and hear'st not these newes?
Lacy the Earle of Lincone is late fled
From windsor Court, disguised like a Swaine,
And lurckes a bout the Country here unknowne.
Henry suspects him of some treachery,
And therefore doth proclaime in every way,
That who can take the Lincolne Earle, shall have
Paid in the Exchequer twenty thousand Crownes.
Lacy. The Earle of Lincolne? Fryer art thou mad,
It was some other, thou mistakest the man:
The earle of Lincolne? why it cannot be.
Margret. Yes, very well my Lord, for you are he,
The Keepers daughter tooke you prisoner,
Lord *Lacy* yeeld, Ile be your gailor once.
Edward. How familiar they be *Bacon*,
Bacon. Sit still, and marke the sequill of there love.

Lacy

Lacie. Then am I double priſoner to thy ſelfe,
Peggie; I yeeld, but are theſe news in jeſt?
Margret. In jeſt with you, but earneſt unto me:
For why, theſe wrongs do wring me at the heart,
Ah how theſe Earles and Noble-men of birth,
Flatter and faine to forgoe poor womens ill!
Lacy. Beleeve me, Leſſe, I am the Lincolne Earle,
I not deny, but tyred thus in rags,
I lived diſguiſd to win fair *Peggies* love.
Margret. What love is there where wedding ends not love?
Lacy. I meane, faire girle, to make thee *Lacies* wife.
Margret. I little thinke that Earles will ſtoop ſo low.
Lacie. Say, ſhall I make thee Counteſſe ere I ſleepe?
Margret. Handmaid unto the Earle ſo pleaſe himſelfe:
A wife in name, but ſervant in obedience.
Lacie. The Lincolne Counteſſe, for it ſhall be ſo,
Ile plight the bands and ſaile it with a kiſſe.
Edward. Gogs wounds, *Bacon*, they kiſſe, Ile ſtab them.
Bacon Oh hold your hands (my Lord) it is the glaſſe.
Edward. Coller to ſee the traitors gree ſo well,
Made me think the ſhadowes ſubſtances.
Bacon. 'Twere a long Poinard, my Lord, to reach between
Oxford and Freſingfield, but ſit ſtill and ſee more
Bungay. Well, Lord of Lincolne, if your loves be knit,
And that your tougnes and thoughts do both agree:
To avoid inſuing iarres, Ile hamper up the match,
Ile take my Portace forth, and wed you here,
Then go to bed and ſeale up your deſires
Lacy. Fryer content, *Peggie* how like you this?
Margret. What likes my Lord is pleaſing unto me.
Bungay. Then hand-faſt hand, and I will to my book.
Bacon. What ſees my Lord now?
Edward. *Bacon*, I ſee the Lovers hand in hand,
The Fryer ready with his Portace there,
To wed them both then am I quite undone,
Bacon, help now, if ere the magick ſerv'd,

Help,

Bacon. Helpe now if ear thy magicke serv'd,
Helpe, *Bacon*, stop the marrige now,
If Devils or Nigromancie may suffice,
And I will give thee forty thousand Crownes.
Bacon. Feare not, my Lord, Ile stop the lolly Frier,
For mumbling up his orisons this day.
Lacy. Why speak'st not *Bungay*? Frier, to thy booke.

Bungay *is mute, crying, Hud, hud.*

Margret. How lookest thou Frier as a man distraught;
Reft it thy sences, *Bungay*? shew by signes
If thou be dumbe what passion holdeth thee.
Lacy. He's dumb indeed: *Bacon* hath with his Devils
Inchant him, or else some strange disease
Or Aporplexie hath passed him longs:
But *Peggie*, what he cannot with his booke,
We'l twixt us both unite it up in heart.
Margret. Else let me die (my Lord) a miscreant.
Edward. Why stands Frier *Bacon* so amaz'd?
Bacon I have struck him dumb, my Lord, & if you honor please
Ile fetch this *Bungay* straight way from Frefingfield,
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.
Edward. *Bacon*, do that, and thou contentest me.
Lacy. Of courtesie, *Margret*, let us leade the Frier
Vnto thy fathers lodge, to comfort him
With boths to bring him from this hapless trance.
Margret. Or else my Lord, we were passing unkinde
To leave the Frier so in his distresse.

Enter a Devill. and carry Bungay *on his backe.*

Margret. O helpe my Lord, a Devill, a Devill, my Lord,
Look how he carries *Bungay* on his backe:
Let's hence, for *Bacon* spirits be abroad.

Exeunt.

Edward. *Bacon*, I love to see the ioly Fryer
Mounted upon the Devill, and how the Earle
Flees with the bonny lasse for feare.
Assoone as *Bungy* is at Brason nose,
I will not passe hie me to Freesigfield,
And quite these wrongs on *Lacy* ere it be long.
Bacon. So be it, my Lord, but let us to our dinner:
For ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have *Bungay* brought to Brason-nose.

Exeunt.

Enter three Doctors, Burden, Mason, Clement.

Mason. Now that we are gathered in the Regent house,
It fits us talke about the long rapaire,
For to troop't with all the Westerne Kings,
That lie alongst the Dancing Seas by East,
North by the clime of frostie Germany,
The Almanine Manarke, and the Scocon Duke,
Castle, and lovely *Ellinor*, with him,
Have in their iests resolued for Oxford Towne.
Burden. We must lay plots for stately Tragedies,
Strange Camicke shews such as proud *Rossius*
Vanted before the Romans Emperours.
Clement. To welcome all the Westerne Potentates,
But more the King by letters hath fore-told,
That *Fredericke* the Almaine Emperour,
Hath brought with him a Germane of esteeme,
Whose surname is Don *Iaquis Vendermast*,
Skilfull in Magicke and those seckret arts.
Mason. Then must we all make sute unto the Fryer,
To Frier *Bacon*, that he voush this taske,
And under take to countervaile in skil
The Germaine; else there's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learned *Vendermast*.
Burden. *Bacon*, if he wil hold the German play.

We'le teach him what an Engliſh Frier can do:
The Devill I thinke deare not diſpute with him.
Clement. Indeed mas Doctor, he pleaſurd you,
In that he brought your hoſteſſe with her ſpit.
From Henly, poſting unto Brazen-noſe.
Burden. A uengeance on the Frier for his paines,
But leaving that, let's to *Bacon* ſtraight,
To ſee if he will take this taske in hand.
Clement. Stay! what rumour is this? The towne is up in a mutiny, what hurly burly is this?

Enter a Counſtable, with Raphe, Warren, Ermſby, *and* Miles.

Counſtable. Nay maſters if you were ne'r ſo good, you ſhall before the Doctors to anſwere your miſdemenour.
Burden. Whats the matter, fellow?
Counſtable. Marry ſir, here's a company of ruffians, that drinking in the Taverne, have made a great brawle, and almoſt kild the Vintner.
Miles. *Salue*, Doctor *Burden*, lubberly Lurden,
Ill ſhape and ill faced diſdain'd and diſgraced,
What he tels unto *vodis*, *mentitur de nobis.*
Burden. Who is the maſter and chiefe of this crue?
Miles. *Ecce aſinum mundi figura rotundi*,
Neat, ſheat and fine, as briske as a cup of wine.
Burden. What are you?
Raphe. I am farther Doctor, as a man would ſay, the Belweather of this company, theſe are my Lords, and I the Prince of Wales.
Clement. Are you *Edward* the Kings ſonne?
Raphe. Sirra *Miles*, bring hither the Tapſter that drew the wine, and I warrnt when they ſee how ſoundly I have broke his head, thei'l ſay 'twas done by no leſſe man then a Prince.
Maſon. I cannot beleeve that this is the Prince of Wales.
Warran. And why ſo, ſir?
Maſon. For thy ſay the Prince is a brave and a wiſe Gentleman.
Warran. Why, and thinkeſt thou, Doctor, that he is not ſo?

Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a Youth?

Ermsby Whose face shining with many a sugred smile,
Bewrayes that he is bread of princly race.

Miles. And yet, master Doctor, to speake like a Proctor,
And tell unto you, what is verimens and true,
To cease of this quarrell; looke but on his apparell.
Then marke but my tailes, he is great Prince of walis,
The cheefe of our *gregis*, and *filius Regis*,
Then ware what is done, for he is *Henries* white sonne.

Raphe. Doctors, whose doting night-caps are not capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am *Edward Planaegent*, who if you displease, will make a ship that shall hold all your Colleges, and so carry away the Niniversity with a faire wind, to the Bankeside in Southwarke, how sailt thou *Ned Warraine* shall I not doe it?

Warren. Yes my good Lord, and if it please your Lordship, I will gather up all your old pantophles, and with the corke, make you a Pinnis of five hundred tune, that shall serve the turn marvelous well my Lord.

Ermsby. And I my Lord will have Pioners to undermine the Towne, that the very Gardens and orchards be carried away for your Summer walkes.

Miles. And with *scientia* and great *diligentia*,
Will conjure and charme, to keepe you from harme,
That *utrum horum mauis*, your very great *nauis*,
Like Bartlets ship, from Oxford doe skip,
With Colledges and scholes, full loaden with fooles,
Quid dices ad hoc, worshipfull *Domine Dawcocke*?

Clement. Why harebraind Corters, are you drunke or mad,
To taunt us up with such scurrilitie?
Deeme you us men of base and light esteeme,
To bring us such a fop fore *Henries* sonne?
Call out the Beadles and convay them hence
Straight to Bocardo, let the Roisters lie,
Close clapt in bolts, untill their wits be tame.

Ermsby.

Ermsby. Why, shall we to prison my Lord? (presence?

Raphe. What saist, *Miles*, shall I honour the prison with my

Miles. No, no, out with your blades, and hamper these lads,
Have a flurt and a crash, now revell dash,
And teach these Saccrdos, that the *Bocardos*,
Like Pezzants and elves, are meet for themselves.

Mason. To the prison with them, Counstable.

Warren Well (Doctors) seeing I have sported me,
With laughing at these mad and merry wagges,
Know that Prince *Edward* is at Brazen-nose,
And this attired like the Prince of Wales,
Is *Raphe*, King *Henries* only loved foole,
I Earle of Essex, and this *Ermsby*,
One of the privie Chamber to the King,
Who while the Prince with Frier *Bacon* staies,
Have revel'd in Oxford as you see.

Mason. My Lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were:
But Courtiers may make greater scapes then these,
Wilt please your Honour dine with me to day?

Warren, I will master Docter, and satisfie the Vintner for his hurt; onely I must desire you to imagaine him all this forenoone the Prince of wales.

Mason. I will, sir.

Raphe. And upon that I will lead the way onely I will have *Miles* goe before me, because I have heard *Henry* say, that wisedome must goe before Majesty. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Prince Edward *with his poinard in his hand*, Lacy *and Margret.*

Edward. *Lacie*, thou canst not shroud thy traitrous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did *Cassius*, al his wiles,
For *Edward* hath an eye that lookes as farre,
As Lincæus from the shores of Grecia.
Did I not fit at Oxford by the Fryer,
And see the court the maid of Fresingfield,

Sealing and flattering fancies with a kiſſe?
Did not proud *Burgay* draw his protaſſe forth,
And joyning hand in hand, had married you,
If Fryer *Bacon* had not ſtrooke him dumbe,
And mounted him upon a ſpirits backe,
That we might chat at Oxford with the Frier?
Traytor, what anſwereſt? Is not all this true?

Lacy. Truth all, my Lord, and thus I make reply,
At Hairlſtone Faire there courting for your Grace,
When as mine eye ſuruaid her curious ſhape,
And drew the beautious glory of her lookes,
To dive into the center of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but ieſt,
That Princes were but in fancy but as men,
How that the lovely made of Freſingfield
Was fitter to be *Lacies* wedded wife,
Then Concubine unto the prince of wales.

Edward. Injurious *Lacy*, did I love thee more
Then *Alexander* his *Hepheſtion*?
Did I unfold the paſſions of my love,
And locke them in the cloz:t of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to *Edward* ſecond to himſelfe:
Sole friend and partner of his ſecret loves:
And could a glance of fading beauty breake
Th'inchaned fetters of ſuch privat friends?
Baſe coward, falſe, and too effeminate,
To be corriuall with a Prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I poſted ſince I binde,
To quite a Traitor 'fore that *Edward* ſleepe;

Margeret, 'Twas I, my Lord, not *Lacy* ſtept awry:
For oft he ſued and courted for your ſelfe,
And ſtill woo'd for the Courter all in greene:
But I who fancy made but over-fond,
Pleaded my ſelfe with lookes as if lov'd,
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And ſtili bewitcht lov'd *Lacy* with my lookes,

My heart with ſighes, mine eyes pleaded with teares,
My face held pitty and content at once,
And more I could not cypher out by ſignes,
But that *I* lov'd Lord *Lacy* with my heart:
Then worthy *Edward*, meaſure with thy minde,
If womens favours wil not lforce men fall,
If beavty, and darts of piercing love,
Is not of force to bury thoughts of friends.
Edward, I tell thee, *Peggie*, I will have thee loves,
Edward, or none ſhall conquer *Margret*:
In Frigats bottom'd with rich Sething planks,
Topt with the lofty Firs of Libanon,
Stem'd and incaſt with burniſht Ivory,
And over-laid with plates of Perſian wealth,
Like *Thetis* ſhalt thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the Dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To dance Lavoltas in the purple ſtreames,
Sirens with harps aud ſilver Pſalteries,
Shal waight with muſicke at thy Frigots ſtem,
And entertaine faire *Margret* with her layes;
England and Englands wealth ſhall wait on thee:
Brittaine ſhall bend unto her Princes love,
And do due homage to chine excellence,
If thou wilt be but *Edwards Margret*.
Margret. Parden, my Lord, if *Iove* greet Royalty
Sent me ſuch preſents as to *Danae*,
If *Phœabus* try in *Latonas* webs,
Come courting from the beavty of his lodge,
The dulcet turns of frolicke *Mercurie*,
Not all the wealth heavens treaſury affords,
Sould make me leave Lord *Lacy*, or his love.
Edward. I have learn'd at Oxford then this point of ſchooles,
Ablata cauſa, tollitur effectus.
Lacy, the cauſe, that *Margret* cannot love,
Nor fixe her liking on the Engliſh Prince.
Take him away, and then the effect well faire.

Villaine,

Villaine, prepare thy ſelfe: for I will bathe
My poinard in the boſome of an Earle.
Lacie. Rather then live, and miſſe faire *Margrets* love,
Prince *Edward*, ſtop not at the fatall doome,
But ſtad it home, end both my loves and life.
Margre. Brave Prince of Wales, honour'd for Riall deeds,
Twere ſinne to ſtaine fair *Venus* courts with blood,
Loves conqueſt ends, my Lord, in courteſie,
Spare *Lacy*, gentile *Edward*, let me dye,
For ſo both you and he doe ceaſe your loves,
Edward. Lacie ſhall die as Traitor to his Lord.
Lacy. I have deſerved it, *Edward*, act it well.
Marg. What hopes the Prince to gaine by *Lacies* death?
Edward To end the loves 'twixt him and *Margret*.
Margret. Why, think King *Henries* ſon that *Margrets* love
Hangs in th'uncertaine ballance of provd time,
That death ſhall make a diſcord of our throats?
No, ſtab the Earle, and 'fore the morning Sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty Eaſt,
Margret. wil meet her *Lacy* in the heavens.
Lacy. If ought betides to lovely *Margret*,
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europes rich health, nor *Englands* Manarchie,
Should not allure *Lacy* to over-live.
Then *Edward*, ſhort my life, and end her loves.
Marg. Rid me, and keepe a love worth many friends.
Lacy. Nay, *Edward*, keepe a love worth many friends.
Margret. And if thy mind be ſuch as fame hath blaz'd,
Then Princely *Edward*, let us both abide
The fatall reſolution of thy rage,
Baniſh thou fancie, and imbrace revenge,
And in one toombe knit both our carkaſes,
Whoſe hearts were linked in one perfect love,
Edward. Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,
Who at Damaſco beat the Sarazens,
And brought home triumph on thy Lances point?

And

And ſhall thy plumes be puld by *Venus* down?
Is't princely to diſſever Lovers loves?
Leave, *Ned*, and make a vertue of this fault,
And further *Peggie* and *Lacy* in their loves;
So in ſubduing fancies paſſion,
Conquering thy ſelfe, thou get'ſt the rich ſpoile.
Lacy, riſe up. Fair *Peggie*, here's my hand,
The Prince of Wales hath conqured all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yeelds unto the Earl.
Lacy, enioy the maid of Freſingfield,
Make her thy Lincolne Cou nteſſe at the Church.
And *Ned*, as he is true *Plantagenet*,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacy. Humbly I take her of my Soveraigne,
As if that *Edward* gave me Englands right,
And rich'me with the Albion Diadem.

Margret. Aud doth the Engliſh Prince meane true?
Will he vouchſafe to ſeaſe his former loves,
And yeeld the title of a Cuntry maid,
VntoLord *Lacy*?

Edward. I will, fair *Peggie*, as I am true Lord.

Margret. Then Lordly Sir, whoſe conpueſt is as great,
In conquering love, as *Cæſars* victories,
Margret as mild and humble in her thoughts,
As was *Aſpatia* unto *Cyrus* ſelfe,
Yeeld thanks, and next Lord *Lacy*, doth inſhrine
Edward the ſecond ſecret in her heart.

Edward. Gramercy, *Peggy*, now that vowes, are paſt,
And that your loves are not to be revoult:
Once, *Lacy*, friends again, come, we will poaſt
To Oxford: for this day the King is there,
And brings for *Edward* Coſtly *Ellinor*.
Peggie, I muſt go ſee and view my wife;
I pray God I like her as I loved thee.
Beſide, Lord Lincoln, we ſhall heare diſpute,
Twixt Frier *Bacon*, and learned *Vandermaſter*.

Peggy, we'le leave you for a weak or two.
Margret. As it pleaſe Lord *Lacy*: but loves fooliſh looks,
Think foot-ſteps miles, and minutes to be hours.
Lacy. Ile haſten *Peggie*, to make ſhort return,
But pleaſe your Honour go unto the Lodg,
We ſhall have butter, cheeſe, and veniſon,
And yeſterday I brought for *Margret*,
A luſty bottle of neat Clarret wine;
Thus can we feaſt and entertain your Grace.
Edward. 'Tis cheere, Lord *Lacie*, for an Emperour,
If he reſpect the perſon and the place.
Come, let us in, for I will all this night
Ride poaſt untill I come to *Bacon* cell.

Exeunt.

Enter Henry, *Emperour*, *Caſtile*, Elinor, Vandermaſt, Bungay.

Emperour. Truſt me, *Plantagenet*, theſe Oxford Schooles
Are richly ſeated neere the River ſide:
The mountaines full of fat and fallow Deere,
The battling paſtures laid with Kine and Flocks,
The Town gorgeous with high built Colledges,
And Schollers ſeemely in their grave attire,
Learned in ſearching the principles of Art.
What is thy judgment *Jaques Vandermaſt*?
Vander. That Lordly are the buidings of the Towne,
Spatious the rooms, and full of pleaſent walkes:
But for the Doctors, how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for ought I can heare.
Bungay. I tell thee, Germane, Haſpuge hold none ſuch,
None read ſo deepe, as Oxenford containes,
There are within our Academike ſtate
Men that may lecture it in Germany,
To all the Doctors of your Belgicke Scholes.
Henry. Stand to him, *Bungay*, charme this *Vandermaſt*,
And I will uſe thee as a Royall King.

Vandrmaſt.

Vandermaſt. Wherein dareſt thou diſpute with me?
Bungay. In what a Doctor and a Frier can.
Vandermaſt. Before rich Europes Worthies put thou forth
The doubtfull queſtion unto *Vander maſt.*
Bungay. Let it be this, Whether the ſpirits of Piromancy or Geomancy, be moſt predominant in Magicke?
Vander. I ſay, of Piromancy.
Bungay. And I of Geomancy.
Vander. The Cabbliſts that write of magicke ſpels,
As *Hermes*, *Melchie*, and *Pythagrous*,
Affirme that 'mongſt the quadruplicity
Of elementall eſſence, *Terra* is but thought,
To be a *punctum* ſquared to the reſt:
And that the compaſſe of aſcending elements
Exceed in bigneſſe as they doe in height;
Iudging the concave Circle of the Sunne,
To hold the reſt in his circumference;
If then, as *Hermes* ſayes, the fire be great'ſt,
Pureſt, and onely giveth ſhapes to ſpirits:
Then muſt theſe Demones that hunt that place,
Be every way ſuperiour to the reſt.
Bungay. I reaſon not of elementall ſhapes,
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,
Noting their eſſence, nor their quality,
But of the ſpirits that piromancy calls,
And of the vigour of the Geomaticke Fiends.
I tell thee, Germane, Magicke hants the grounds,
And thoſe ſtrange Negromanticke ſpels,
That worke ſuch ſhewes and wondering in the world,
Are acted by thoſe Geomanticke ſpirits,
That *Hermes* calleth *Terræ filij.*
The fierie ſpirits are but tranſparent ſhades,
That lightly paſſe as Heralds to beare newes,
But earthly Fiends cloz'd in the loweſt deepe,
Diſſever mountaines, if they be but char'd,
Being more groſſe and maſſie in their power.

Vandermaſt. Rather theſe earthly Geomantik ſpirits,
Are dull and like the place where they remaine:
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
The ſpirits and Angels that did ſin with him,
Retain'd their locall eſſence as their faults,
All ſubjects under *Lunas*, Continent,
They which offended leſſe, hang in the fire,
And ſecond faults did reſt within the aire,
But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends,
Were thrown into the Center of the earth,
Having leſſe underſtanding then the reſt,
As having greater ſin, and leſſer grace.
Therefore ſuch groſſe and earthly ſpirits do ſerve,
For Iuglers, Witches, and vild Sorcerers,
Whereas the Piromantick Genij,
Are mighty, ſwift, and a farre reaching power.
But grant that Geomancy hath moſt force,
Bungay, to pleaſe theſe mighty Potentates,
Prove by ſome inſtance what thy Art can doe.

Bungay. I will.

Emper. Now Engliſh *Harry*, here begins the game,
We ſhall ſee ſport between theſe larned men.

Vandermaſt. What wilt thou doe?

Bungay. Shew thee the Tree leav'd with refined gold,
Whereon the fearfull Dragon held his ſeat,
That watcht the Garden cald Heſperides,
Subdued and wonne by conquering *Hercules*.

Vandermaſt. Well done.

Here Bungay *conjures, and the Tree appears with the Dragon ſhooting fire.*

Henry. What ſay you Royall Lordlings to my Frier?
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

Vander. Ech Scholer in the Negromanticke ſpels
Can do as much as *Bungay* hath perform'd,

But

But as *Alemers* baſtard rais'd this Tree,
So will I raiſe him up as when he lived,
And cauſe him pull the Dragon from his ſeat,
And tear the branches piecemeale from the root,
Hercules, *Prodi*, *Prodi*, *Hercules*.

Hercules *appeares in his Lyons skin.*

Hercules. *Quis me vult?*

Vandermaſt. *Ioves* baſtard ſon, thou Libian *Hercules*,
Pull off the ſprigs from off the Heſperian Tree,
As once thou didſt to win the golden fruit,

Hercules. *Fiat.*

Here he begins to breake the branches.

Vander. Now *Bungay*, if thou canſt by Magicke charme
The Fiend, appering like great *Hercules*,
From pulling downe the branches of the Tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

Bungay. I cannot.

Vander. Ceaſe *Hercules*, untill I give the charge.
Mighty Commander of this Engliſh Ile,
Henry, come from the ſtout *Plantagenets*.
Bungay is learned enough to be a Fryer:
But to compaire with *Iaques Vandermaſt*,
Oxford and Cambredge muſt góe ſeeke their Celles,
To finde a man to match him in his Art.
I have given *non-plus* to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
Rheimes, Lovain, and faire Roterdam,
Franck ford, Lutrech, and Orlance:
And now muſt *Henry*, if he do me right,
Crowne me with Lawrell, as they all have done.

Enter Bacon.

Bacon. All haile to this Royall Company,

That ſit to hear and ſee this ſtrang diſpute:
Bungay, how ſtandſt thou as a man amaz'd?
What, hath the Germane acted more then thou?
Vandermaſt. What art thou that queſtionſt thus?
Bacon. Men call me *Bacon*.
Vander. Lordly thou lok'ſt, as if that thou wert learn'd?
Thy countenance, as if ſcience held her ſeat
Betweene the circled arches of thy browes.
Henry. Now monarks, hath the Germane found his match?
Emperour. Beſtirre the *Iaques*, take not now the foile,
Leſt thou doeſt loſe, what foretime thou didſt gaine.
Vandermaſt. *Bacon*, wilt thou diſpute?
Bacon. No, unleſſe he were more learn'd then *Vandermaſt*
For yet tell me what haſt thou done?
Vandermaſt. Rais'd *Heroules* to ruinate that tree,
That *Bungay* mounted by his magicke ſpels.
Bacon. Set *Hercules* to worke.
Vander. Now *Hercules*, *I* charge thee to thy taske,
Pull off the golden branches from the root.
Hercules *I* dare not. Seeſt thou not great *Bacon* here,
Whoſe frowne doth act more then thy magicke can?
Vandermaſt. By all the thrones, and Dominations,
Vertues, Powers, and mighty Hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to *Vandermaſt*.
Hercules. *Bacon*, that bridles headſtrong belzephon,
And rules Aſmenothe guider of the North:
Binds me from yealding unto *Vandermaſt*.
Hen. How now *Vandermaſt*, have you met with your match?
Vander. Never before was't knowne to *Vandermaſt*,
That men held Divels in ſuch obedient awe.
Bacon doth more then art, or elſe I faile.
Emperour. Why, *Vandermaſt*, art thou ovrecome?
Bacon diſpute with him and trie his skill;
Bacon. I come not, Monarks, for to hold diſpute
With ſuch a Nouice as is *Vandermaſt*;
I came to ha e your Royalties to dine

With

With Frier *Bacon* here in Brazen-noſe;
And for this Germane troubls but the place,
And holds the Audience with a long ſuſpence,
Ile ſend him to his Academie hence.
Thou *Hercules*, whom *Vandermaſt* did raiſe,
Tranſport the Germane unto Haſpurge ſtraight,
That he may learne by travell 'gainſt the Springs,
More ſecret doomes and Aphoriſemes of Art,
Vaniſh the Tree, and thou away with him.

Exit the ſpirit with Vandermaſt, *and the Tree.*

Emperor. Why, *Bacon*, whither doeſt thou ſend him?
Bacon. To Haſpurge, there your Highneſſe at returne,
Shall find the Germane in his Study ſafe.
Henry. *Bacon*, thou haſt honoured England with thy skill,
And made fair Oxford famous by thine Art,
I will be Engliſh *Henry* to thy ſelfe.
But tell me, ſhall we dine with thee to day?
Bacon. With me, my Lord; and while I fit my cheere,
See were Prince *Edward* comes to welcome you:
Gracious as the morning-ſtarre of heaven. *Exit.*

Enter Edward, Lacy, Warren, *Ermsby.*

Emperour. Is this Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Royall ſonne?
How martiall is the figure of his face!
Yet lovely and beſet with Amorets.
Henry. *Ned*, where haſt thou been?
Edward. At Framingham, my Lord, to try your Buckes
If they could ſcap the teiſers or the toile:
But hearing of theſe Lordly Potentates
Landed, and progreſt up to Oxford towne,
I poſted to give entertaine to them,
Cheefe to the Almain Monark, next to him,
And joynt with him, Caſtile, and Saxonie,

Are

Are welcome as thy may be to the Engliſh Court.
Thus for the men. But ſee, *Venis* appeares,
Or one that overmatcheth *Venis* in her ſhape,
Sweet *Ellinor*, beauty high-ſwelling pride,
Rich natures glorie, and her wealth at once:
Faire of al fa res, welcome to Albion,
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine owne.
If that thou dain'ſt the welcome from my ſelfe.

Ellinor. Martill *Plantagenet*, *Heneris* high-minded ſonne,
The mirke that *Ellinor* did count her aime,
I lik't thee 'fore I ſaw thee; now I love,
And ſo as in ſo ſhort time I may:
Yet ſo, as time ſhall never break that ſo,
And therefore ſo accept of *Ellinor*.

Caſtile. Feare not, my Lord, this couple will agree,
If love may creep into their wanton eyes:
And therefore, *Edward*, I accept thee here,
Without ſuſpence, as my a dopted ſon.

Henery. Let me that joy in theſe conſorting greets,
And glory in theſe honours done to *Ned*,
Yeeld thanks for all thoſe favours to my ſon,
And reſt a true *Plantagenet* to all.

Enter Miles *with a cloth and trenchers, and ſalt*

Miles. *Saluete omnes Reges*, that govern your Greges, in Saxony, and Spaine, in England, and Almaine: for all this frolick rable muſt I cover the table, with trenchers, ſalt, and cloth, and then looke for yont broth.

Emperour. What pleaſant fellow is this?

Henery. Tis, my Lord, Doctor *Bacons* poor Scholler.

Miles. My maſter hath made me ſewer of theſe great Lords, and (God knowes) I am as ſerviceable at a table, as a Sow is under an Apple tree: 'tis no matter, their cheere ſhall not be great, and therefore what skils where the ſault ſtand before or behinde?

Caſtile.

Caſtile. Theſe Schollers know more skill in Axomies,
How to uſe quips and ſleights of Sophiſtrie,
Then for to couer courtly for a King.

Enter Miles *with a meſſe of pottage and broth, and after him* Bacon.

Miles. Spill, ſir? why, doe you thinke I never carried two-penny chop before in my life? By your leave, *Noble decus*, for here comes Doctor *Baeons pecus*, being in his full age to carry a meſſe of pottage.

Bacon. Lordlings admire not if your cheere be this,
For we muſt keepe our Academicke fare,
No riot where philoſophy doth raigne:
And therefore *Henry*, place theſe Potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugall cates.

Emp. Preſumptious Frier, what ſcoff'ſt thou at a King?
What, doeſt thou taunt us with thy peazants fare,
And gives us cates fit for Country Swaines?
Henrie, proceeds this jeſt of thy conſent,
To twit us with a pittance of ſuch price?
Tell me, and *Frederick* will not grieve the long.

Henry. By *Henries* honour and the Royall faith
The Engliſh Monarke beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the Friers feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertaines you thus.

Bacon. Content thee, *Frederick*, for I ſhewd thee cats,
To let thee ſee how ſcholers uſe to feed:
How little meet refines our Engliſh wits.
Miles take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Mary ſir, I will, this day ſhall be a feſtivall day with me
For I ſhall exceed in the higheſt degree. *Exit Miles.*

Bacon. I tell thee, Monarke, all the Germane Peeres
Could not afford thy entertainement ſuch,
So Royall and full of Majeſtie,

As *Bacon* will preſent to *Fredericke*,
The Baſeſt waiter that attends thy cups,
Shall be in honours greater then thy ſelfe:
And for the cates rich Alexandria drugges,
Fetcht by Carveils from Ægypts richeſt ſtraights:
Found in the wealthy ſt ond of affrica,
Shall Royalliz the table of my King,
Wines richer then the Gyprian Courtiſan,
Quaft to *Auguſtus* Kingly countermatch,
Shalbe carrowſt in Engliſh *Henries* feaſt:
Candy ſhall yeeld the richeſt of her canes,
Perſia down h·r *Volga* by Canows,
Send down the ſecrets of her ſpicerie.
The Africk Dates, *mirabiles* of Spaine,
Conſerves and Suckets from Tiberias,
Cates from *Iudea* choiſer then the lampe
That fiered Rome with ſparkes of gluttony,
Shall beautifie the boord for *Fredeicke*,
And therefore grudge not at a Friers Feaſt.

Enter two Gentlemen, Lambert, and Serlsby, *with the Keeper.*

Lambart. Come frolicke, Keeper of our Lieges game,
Whoſe table ſpred hath ever Veniſon,
And *Iackes* of wine to welcom tpaſſengers,
Know I am in love with iolly *Margret*,
That over-ſhines our Damſels as the Moone
Darkneth the brighteſt ſparkles of the night,
In Laxfield here my land and living lies,
Ile make thy daughter joynter of it all,
So thou conſent to give her to my wife,
And *I* can ſpend five hundred markes a yeere.

Serlsby. I am the Lands-lord Keeper of thy holds,
By cour y all thy living lies in me.
Laxfield did never ſee me raiſe my due,
I will infeoffe *Margret* in all,

So she will take her to a lusty Squire.

Keeper. Now courteous Gentles, if the Keepers grile
Hath pleas'd the liking fancy of you both
And with her beavty hath subdued your thoughts,
'Tis doubtfull to decide the question.
It ioyes me that such men of great esteeme,
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate,
To be a wife to meaner men then you.
But sith such Squiers will stoop to Keepers fee,
I will t'avoide displeasure of you both,
Call *Margret* forth, and she shall make her choise. *Exit.*

Lambert. Content, Keeper, send her unto us.
Why, *Serlsby*, is thy wife so lately dead?
Are all thy loves so lightly passed over,
As thou canst wed before the yeere be ont?

Serlsby. I live not, *Lambert*, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her,
The grave ends, and begins a married state.

Enter Margret.

Lambert. *Peggie*, the lovely flowers of all townes,
Suffolks fair *Hellen*, and rich Englands star,
Whose beavty tempered with her huswifrie,
Makes England talke of merry *Fresingfield.*

Serlsby I cannot trick it up with poisies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Not tell a tale of *Phœbus* and his loves,
But this beleeve me, Laxfield here is mine:
Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a yeere,
And if thou canst but love a Country Squiere,
I will inseoffe thee, *Margret*, in all,
I cannot flatter try me if you please.

Mar. Brave neighb'ring Squieres, the stay of Suffolks clime,
A keepers danghter is to base in gree

To match with man accounted of ſuch worth:
But might I not diſpleaſe, I would reply.
Lambert. Say, *Peggie*, nought ſhall make us diſcontent.
Margret. then Gentiles, note that love hath little ſtay,
Nor can the flames that *Venus* ſet on fire,
Be kinled but by fancies motion,
Then pardon, Gentiles, if a maids reply
Be doubtfull, while I have debated with my ſelfe,
Who, or of whom love ſhall conſtraine me like.
Serlsby. Let it be me, and truſt me, *Margret*,
The meads invironed with ſilver ſtreames,
Whoſe battling paſtures fatten all my flocks,
Yeelding forth fleeces ſtapled with ſuch wooll,
As Lempſter cannot yeeld more finer ſtuffe,
And forty kine with fare and burniſht heads,
With ſtrouting dugs that puggle to the ground,
Shall ſerve thy dary if thou wed with me.
Lampert. Let paſſe the Country wealth, as flocks and kine,
And lands that waue with *Ceres* golden ſheaves,
Filling my barns with plenty of the fields:
But, *Peggie*, if thou wed thy ſelfe to me,
Thou ſhalt have garments of imbrodered ſilke,
Lawnes, and rich net-worke for thy head attier,
Coſtly ſhall be thy faire habilliments,
If thou wilt be but *Lamberts* loving wife.
Margret. Content you, Gentles, you have proffered faire,
And more then fits a Country maids degree:
But give me leave to counſaile me a time,
For fancy bloomes not at the firſt aſſault;
Give me but ten dayes reſpit, and I will reply,
Which or to whom my ſelfe affectionates.
Serlsby. *Lambert*, I tell thee, thou art importunate,
Such beauty fits not ſuch Eſquier:
It is for *Serlsby* to have *Margret*.
Lamb. Thinkſt thou with wealth to over-reach me,
Serlsby? I ſcorne to brooke thy Country braves.

I dare

I deare thee, Coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dint of Rapire ſingle in the field.
Serlsby. Ile anſwer *Lambert* what I have avoucht.
Margret farewell, another time ſhall ſerve. *Exit Serlsby.*
Lambert. Ile follow. *Peggie*, farewell to thy ſelfe,
Liſt how well I le anſwer for thy love. *Exit Lambart.*
Margret. How Fortune tempers lucky hapes with frownes,
And wrongs me with the ſweets of my delight!
Love is my bliſſe, and love is now my bale,
Shall I be *Hellen* in my forward fates,
As I am *Hellen* in my matchleſſe hue,
And ſet rich Suffolk with my face afier?
If lovely *Lacy* were but with the *Paggie*,
The cloudy darkneſſe of his bitter frowne
Would checke the pride of theſe aſpiring Squiers,
Before the time of ten dayes be expired,
When as they looke for anſwer of their loves,
My Lord will come to merry Freſingfield,
And end their fancies, and their follies both;
Till when, *Paggie* be blithe and of good cheere.

Enter a Poaſt with a letter and a bag of gold.

Poſt. Fare lovely Damſell, which way leads this path?
How might I poſt unto Freſingfield;
Which foot-path leadeth to the Keepers Lodge?
Margre. Your way is ready, and this path is right,
My ſelfe do dwell hard by in Freſingfield;
And if the Keeper be the man you ſeeke,
I am his daughter: may I know the cauſe?
Poſt. Lovely and once beloved of my Lord,
No marvell if his eye was lodg'd ſo low,
When bright beauty is not in the heavens,
The Lincolne Earle hath ſent you letters here,
And with them, iuſt an hundred pounds of gold.
Sweet bonny wench read them, and make reply.

Margret. The ſcrowles that *Ioue* ſent *Danae*,
Wrapt in rich cloſures of fine burniſht gold,
Were not more welcome then theſe lines to me.
Tell me, whilſt that I doe unrip the ſeales,
Lives *Lacy* well, how fares my lovely Lord?

Poſt. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.

The letter, and Margret *reades it.*

THe bloomes of the Almond tree grow in a night, and vaniſh in a morne, the flies *Hæmeræ* (faire *Peggie*) take life with th Sunne, aud die with the dew, fancy that ſlippeth in with a g ze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely loves, have ever the ſhorteſt length. I wright this as thy griſe, and my folly who at Freſingfield lov'd that which time hath taught me to be but meane dai ies, eyes are diſſemblers, and fancy is but quaſie, therefore know, *Margret*, I have choſe a Spaniſh Lady to be my wife, cheiſe wayting-womau to the Princeſſe *Elinor*, a Lady faire, and no leſſe fair then thy ſelfe, honorable and wealthy, in that I forſooke thee, I leave thee to thine owne liking, and for thy dowery I have ſent thee an hundred pounds, and ever aſſure thee of my favour, which ſhall availe thee and thine much. Farewell. Not thine, nor his owne.

Edward Lacy.

Margret. Fond *Ate*, domer of bad boaſting fates,
That wraps proud Fortune in thy ſnackey locks,
Didſt thou inchant my birth-day with ſuch ſtars,
As lightened miſchiſe from their infancy?
If heavens hath uowed, if ſtars had made decree,
To ſhew in me their froward influence,
If *Lacy* had but lov'd, heavens, hell and all,
Could not have wronged the patience of my mind.

Poſt. It grieves me, Damſell but the Earle is forſt
To love the Lady, by the Kings command.

Margret. The wealth combind within the Engliſh ſhelves,

Europes Commander, nor the Englisſh King,
Should not have mov'd the love of *Peggie* from her Lord.
Poaſt. What anſwer ſhall I return to my Lord?
Margret. Firſt, for thou camſt from *Lacy* whom I lov'd,
Ah, give me leave to ſigh at every thought,
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he ſent:
For *Margrets* reſolution craves no dower;
The world ſhall be to her as vanity,
Wealth, traſh, love, hate; pleaſure diſpaire:
For I will ſtraight to ſtately Fremingham,
And in the Abby there be ſhorne a Nun,
And yeeld my loves and liberty to God.
Fellow, I give you this, not for the newes,
For thoſe be hatefull unto *Margret*,
But for th'art *Lacies* man, once *Margrets* love.
Poaſt. What I have heard, what paſſions I have ſeene,
Ile make report of them unto the Earle. *Exit Poaſt.*
Margret. Say, that ſhe ioyes his fancies be at reſt,
And praies that his misfortunes may be hers. *Exit.*

Enter Frier Bacon *drawing the courtaines with a white ſticke a booke in his hand, and a lampe lighted by him, and the brazen head, and* Miles, *with weapons by him*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?
Miles. Here, ſir.
Bacon. How chance you tarry ſo long?
Miles. Thinke you that the watching of the brazen head craves no furniture? I warent you, ſir, I have ſo armed my ſelfe, that if all your divels doe come, I will not feare them an inch.
Bacon. Miles, thou knowſt that I have dived into hell,
And fought the darkeſt palaces of the Fiends,
That with my Magick ſpels great Belzephon
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell,
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-form'd Luna hid her ſilver lookes,

Tremblins

trembling upon her concave continent,
When *Bacon* read upon his magicke booke,
When seven years tossing Nigromanticke charmes,
Poring upon darke *Hecats* principles,
I have fram'd out a monstrous head of brasse,
That by th'inchanting forces of the Devill,
Shall tell out strange and nucoth Aphorisms,
And grit faire England with a wall of brasse.
Bungay and I have watcht this threescore daies,
And now our vitall spirits crave some rest,
If *Argos* liv'd and had his hundred eyes,
They could not over-watch *Phœbeters* night,
Now *Miles*, in thee rests Friers *Bacons* weale,
The honour and renowne of all his life,
Hangs in the watching of this brazen-head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortall God,
That holds the soules of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning stare
Sends out his glorious glister on the North.
The head will speake; then (*Miles*) upon thy life,
Wake me: for then by magicke Art Ile worke;
To end my seven years taske with excellence,
If that a winke but shut thy watchfull eye,
Then fearfull *Bacons* glory and his fame,
Draw close the curtaines, *Miles*, now for thy life,
Be watchfull and *Here he falls a sleepe.*

Miles So I thought you would talke your selfe a sleepe anon, and 'tis no marvell, for *Bungay* on the dayes, and he on the nights, have watcht just these ten and fifty dayes, now this is the night, and 'tis my taske and no more. Now Iesus blesse me, what a goodly head it is, and a nose! You talke of *nos autem glorificare*; but here's a nose, that I warrant may be cal'd *nos autem popelares* for the people of the parish. Well I am furnished with weapons, now sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good as a watch-man to wake me if I chance to slumber.

I thought

I thought, that goodman head, I would cal you out of your *memento* paſſion a God, I have almoſt broke my pate: Vp, *Miles to* your task, take your brown bill in your hand, here ſome of your maſter Hobgoblins abroad. *With this a great noiſe.*

The Head ſpeakes.

Head. Time is.

Miles. Time is. Why, Maſter Brazon-head, have you ſuch a acpitall noſe, and anſwere you with ſillables, Time is? is this all my maſters cunning,, to ſpend ſeven yeares ſtudie about Time is? Well ſir, it may be, we ſhall have ſome orations of it anon; well, Ile watch you as narrowly as ever you was watcht, and Ile play with you as the Nightingale with the Slow-worme, Ile ſet a prick againſt my breſt; now reſt there, *Miles*, Lord have mercy upon me, I have all moſt kild my ſelfe: up, *Miles*, liſt how they runble.

Head. Time was.

Miles. Well, Fryer *Bacon*, you have ſpent your ſeven years ſtudy well, that can make your Head ſpeake but two words at once, Time was: yea mary, time was when my Maſter was a wiſe man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen-head. You ſhall lye while your arſe ake, and your head ſpeake no better: wel, I will watch and walke up and downe, and be a Peripatetian and a Philoſopher of *Ariſtotles* ſtamp. What, a freſh noſe? Take thy Piſtols in hand, *Miles*.

Here the Head ſpeakes, and a lightning flaſheth forth and a hand appeares that beraketh downe the Head with a hammer.

Head. Time is paſt.

Miles. Maſter, maſter, up, hell's broke looſe, your head ſpeakes, and there's ſuch a thundring and lightning, that I warrant, al Oxford is up in armes; out of your bed, take a browne bill in your hand, the latter day is come.

Bacon. *Miles*, I come. O passing warily watcht!
Bacon will make thee next himselfe in love.
When spake the Head?

Miles. When spake the Head? did not you say that he should tell strainge principles of Philosophy? Why sir, it speakes but two words at a time.

Bacon. Why villaine, hath it spoke oft?

Miles. Oft *I* marry hath it thrice but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Marry sir, the first time he said, Time is, as if *Fabius Commentator* should pronounst a sentance: he said, Time was: and the third time with thundring and lightning, as in great choler, he said, Time is past.

Bacon. Tis past indeed. A villaine, time is past:
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past:
Bacon, the terrours of my hope are rvin'd down,
Thy seven yeares study lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen-head lies broken throw a slave
That watch and would not when the Head did will.
What said the Head first?

Miles. Even, Time is.

Bacon. Villaine, if thou hadst cald to *Bacon* then,
If thou hadst watcht and wak e the sleepy Fryer,
The Brazen-head had uttered Aphorismes,
And England hah been firkled round with brasse:
But proud *Asmeroth* rules of the North,
And *Demogrogon*, master of the Fates,
Grudg that a mortall man should do so much.
Hell tremble at my deep commanding spels,
Fiends frownd to see a man their over matcht,
Bacon might bost more then a man might boast:
But now the braves of *Bacon*, have an end,
Erapus conceit on *Bacon* hath an end:
His seven yeares practice torteth to ill end:
And villaine, sith my glory hath an end,

I will

I will appoint thee fatall to some end,
Villaine, avoid, get the from *Bacons* sight:
Vagrant, go rome and rage about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth.

Miles. Why then, sir you forbid me your service.

Bacon. My service, villaine? with a fatall curse,
That direfull plagues and mischiefe fall on thee.

Miles Tis no matter, I am against you with the old provero, The more the Fox is curst, the better he fares. God be with you, sir, Ile take but a booke in my hand, a wide sleeved gowne on my backe, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want promotion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
Vntill they doe transport the quicke to hell:
For *Bacon* shall have never merry day,
To lose the fame and honour of his Head. *Exit.*

Enter Emperour, *Castile*, Henry, Ellinor, Edward, Lacie, Raphe.

Emper. Now lovely Prince, the Prince of Albions wealth,
How fares the Lady *Ellinor* and you?
What, have you courted and found Castile fit,
To answer England in equiolence?
Wilt be a match twixt bonny *Nell* and thee?

Edward. Should *Paris* enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lye fettered in faire *Hellens*, lookes?
Or *Phœbus* scape those piercing amorits,
That *Daphne* glanced at his deitie?
Can *Edward* then sit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts *Hellen* and faire *Daphne* down?
Now Mhnarks, aske the Lady if we gree.

Henry. What, Madam, hath my sonne found grace or no?

Ellinor. Seeing my Lord his lovely counterfeit,
And hearing how his minde and shape agreed,
I come not troopt with all this warlike traine,

Doubting of love, but ſo affectionate,
As *Edward* hath in England what he wonne in Spaine.

Caſtile. A match, my Lord, theſe wantons needs muſt love:
Men muſt have wives, and women muſt be wed,
Let's haſt the day to honour up the fires.

Raphe. Sirra *Harry*, ſhall *Ned* mary *Nell*?

Henry. I, *Raphe*, how then?

Raphe. Mary *Harry*, follow my counſell, ſend for Fryer *Bacon* to mary them, for heele ſo coniure him and her with his Nigromancy, that they ſhall love together like Pigge and Lambe whileſt they live.

Caſtile. But hearſt thou *Raphe*, art thou content to have *Ellinor* to thy Lady?

Raphe. I, ſo ſhe will promiſe me to things.

Caſtile. What's that *Raphe?*

Raphe. That ſhe will never ſcold with *Ned*, nor fight with me, Sirra *Harry*, I have put her downe with a thing unpoſſible.

Henry. Whats that *Raphe*?

Raphe. Why *Harry*, didſt thou ever ſee that a woman could both hold her tougne and her handes? no: but when egge-pyes grow on Apple-trees, then will thy gray Mare prove a Bag-piper.

Emperour. What ſayes the Lord of *Caſtile* and the Earle of Lincolne, that they are in ſuch earneſt and ſecret talke?

Caſtile. I ſtand my Lord amazed at his talke;
How he diſcourſeth of the conſtancy
Of one ſurnam'd for beautious excellence,
The faire maid of Freſingfield.

Henry. Tis true, my Lord, tis wondrous for to heare,
Her beautie paſſing *Marſes* Paramour;
Her virgins right as rich as *veſtas* was,
Lacy and *Ned* have told me miracles.

Caſtile. What ſaies Lord *Lacy*? ſhall ſhe be his wife?

Lacy. Or elſe Lord *Lacy* is unfit to live.
May it pleaſe your Highneſſe give me leave to poaſt
To Freſingfield, Ile fetch the bonny girle,

And

And prove in true apparance at the Court,
What I have vouched often with my tongue.
Henry. *Lacy*, go to the Quiry of my Stable,
And take ſuch Courſers as ſhall fit thy turne,
Hie thee to Freſingfield, and bring home the laſſe,
And, for her fame flies threw the Engliſh coaſt,
If it may pleaſe the Lady *Ellinor*,
One day ſhall match your Excellene and her.
Ellinor. We Caiſtle Ladyes are not very coy,
Your highneſſe may command a greater boone:
And glad were I to grace the Loncolne Earle
With being partner of his marrige day.
Edward. Gramarcy, *Nell*, for I do love the Lord,
As he that's ſecond to my ſelfe in love.
Raph. You love her? Madam *Nell*, never beleeve him you, though he ſweres he loves you.
Ellinor. Why *Raphe?*
Raph. Why, his love is like unto a Tapſters glaſſe that is broke with every tutch; for he loved the fair maid of Freſingfield once out of all hoe; nay *Ned*, never winke upon me, I care not, I.
Hen. *Raphe*, tels all, you ſhall have a good Secretary of him.
But *Lacy*, haſte thee poaſt to Freſingfield:
For ere thou haſt fitted all things for her ſtate,
The ſolemne marriage day will be at hand.
Lacy. I goe, my Lord. *Exit Lacy.*
Emperour. How ſhall we paſſe this day, my Lord?
Henry. To horſe, my Lord, the day is paſſing faire,
Weele flie the Partiridge, or go rovze Deere.
Follow my Lord, you ſhall not want for ſport.
Exeunt.

Enter Fryer Bacon *with Fryer* Bungey *to his Cell,*

Bungay. What meanes the Frier that frolickt it of late,
To ſit as molencholy in his Cell,

As if he had neither loſt nor wonne to day?
Bacon. Ah *Bungay*, my brazen-head is ſpoiled,
My glory gone, my ſeven years ſtudy loſt:
The fame of *Bacon* bruted through the world,
Shall end and periſh with this deepe diſgrace.
Bungay. *Bacon* hath built foundation on his fame,
So ſurely on the wings of true report,
With acting ſtrange uncoth miricles,
As this cannot infringe what he deſerves.
Bacon. *Bungay*, ſit downe, for by proſpective skill,
I find this day ſhall fall out ominous,
Some dead ly act ſhall betide me ere I ſleepe:
But what and wherein little can I geſſe.
Bungay. Mine is heavy whatſoere ſhall hap.

Enter two Schollers, Jonnes to Lambert *and* Serlsby, *Knocke.*

Bacon. Who's that knockes?
Bungay. Two Scholers that deſire to ſpeake with you.
Bac. Bid them come in. Now, my youths, what would you have?
1. *Scholler.* Sir, we are Suffolke men & neighbouring friends,
Our fathers in their Countries luſt Squires,
Their lands adjoyne, in Crackfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield, we are Colledge mates,
Sworne brothers, as our fathers lives as friends.
Bacon. To what end is all this?
2. *Scholler.* Hearing your worſhip kept with in your Cell
A glaſſe proſpective where in men might ſee,
What ſo their thoughts or hearts deſire could wiſh,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.
Bacon. My glaſſe is free for every honeſt man.
Sit downe, and you ſhall ſee ere long,
How or in what ſtate your friendly fathers live,
Meane while tell me your names.
Lambert. Mine *Lambert.*
2. *Scholler.* And mine *Serlsby*,

Bacon. Bungay, I ſmell there will be a Tragedy,

Enter Lambert *and* Serlsby, *with rapiers and Daggers.*

Lambert. *Serlsby*, thou haſt kept thine honour like a man,
Th'art worthy of the title of a Squire:
That durſt approoſe of thy affection,
And for thy miſtreſſe favour prize thy blood;
Thou knoweſt what words did paſſe at Freſingfield,
Such ſhameleſſe braves as manhood cannot brooke:
I, for I skorne to beare ſuch pearcing taunts,
Prepare thee *Srelsby*, one of us will die.
Serlsby. Thou ſeeſt I ſingle thee the field,
And what I ſpeak, Ile maintaine with my ſword:
Stand on thy guard, I cannot ſcold it out.
And if thou kill me, think I have a ſonn,
That lives in Oxford in the Brodgates hall,
Who will revenge his fathers blood with blood,
Lambert. And *Serlsby*, I have there a luſty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with my ſonne,
And lives in Brodgates too as well as thine;
But draw thy Rapier: for weel have a bout,
Bacon. Now luſty yonkers, looke within the glaſſe,
And tell me if you can diſcerne your ſires.
1. *Schol.* *Serlsby*, tis harde, thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.
2. *Schol.* *Lambert*, thou lieſt, my father is abuſe,
And thou ſhalt find it, if my father have harme.
Bungay. How goes it, ſirs?
1. *Schol.* Our father are in combat hard by Freſing field.
Bacon. Sit ſtill my frinds, and ſee the event.
Lambert. Why ſtandſt thou *Serlsby*, deuiſt thou of thy life!
A vaine, man fair *Margret* craves much.
Serlsby. Then thus for her.
1. *Scholler.* Ah, well thruſt.
2. *Scholler.* But mark the ward.

They

They fight and kill each other.

Lambert. Oh, I am ſlain,
Serlsby. And I Lord have mercy on me.
1. *Scholler.* My father ſlaine, *Serlsby* ward that,

The two Scolers ſtab each other.

2. *Scholler.* And ſo is mine, *Lambert*, Ile quite thee well.
Bungay. O ſtrainge ſtratagem!
Bacon. See, Frier, where the father doth lye dead,
Bacon, thy magicke doth effect this maſſacer:
This glaſſe proſpective works many woes,
And therefore ſeeing theſe luſty Brutes,
Theſe friendly youths did periſh by thine Art,
End all thy magick and thine Art at once:
The ponard that did end the fatall lives,
Shall breake the cauſe efficiat of their vowes,
So fade the glaſſe, and end with it the ſhowes,
That Nigromancy did infuſe the chriſtall with

He breakes the glaſſe.

Bungay. What meanes learned *Bacon* thus to breake his glaſſe?
Bacon. I tell thee, *Bungay*, it repents me ſore,
That ever *Bacon* meddled in this Art,
The hours I have ſpent in Piromantick ſpels,
The fearfull toſſing in the lateſt night
Of papers full of Nigromantick charmes,
Coniuring an adiuring Devils and Friends,
With Stole and Albe, and ſtrainge Pantaganon,
The wreſting of the holy Name of God,
As *Sother*, *Eloim*, and *Adonai*,
Alpha, *Manoth*, and *Tetragrammaton*,
With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,
Are inſtant that *Bacon* muſt be damn'd,
For viſing Devils to counter vale with God.

Yet, *Bacon*, cheere thee, drown not in diſpaire,
Sins have their ſalves, repentance can doe much:
Think mercy ſits where Iuſtice holds her ſeat,
And from thoſe wounds thoſe blody Iewes did pierce,
Which by thy magick oft did bleed afreſh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To waſh the wrath of hie *Jehovahs* ire,
And make the as a new-born babe from ſin.
Bungay, Ile ſpend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God,
That he would ſave what *Bacon* vainely loſt. *Exit.*

Enter Margret *in Nuns apparell, Keeper, her father, and their friend.*

Keeper. *Margret*, be not ſo head-ſtrong in theſe vowes.
Oh bury not ſuch beauty in a Cell:
That England hath held famous for the hue.
Thy fathers haire like to the ſilver bloomes:
That beautifies the ſhrubs of *Affrica*
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgoe his lovely *Margret*.
Margret. A father, when the hearmoney of heaven
Soundeth the meaſures of a lively faith:
The vaine Illuſions of this flattering world,
Seem odious to the thoughts of *Margret*.
I loved once, Lord *Lacy* was my love,
And now I hate my ſelf for that I lov'd,
And doated more on him then on my God:
For this I ſcourg my ſelf with ſharp repents;
But now the touch of ſuch aſpiring ſins
Tels me, all love is luſt bnt love of heavens:
That beauty uſde for love is vanity,
The world containes nought but alluring baites:
Prid, flattery and inconſtant thoughts,
To ſhun the pricks of death, I leave the world.

And vow to meditate on heavenly bliſſe,
To live in Fremingham a holy Nun,
Holy and pure in conſcience and in deed:
And for to wiſh all maides to learne of me,
To ſeeke heavens joy before earths vanity.

Friend, And will you then, *Margret*, be ſhorn a Nun, and ſo leave us all?

Margret. Now farewell world, the engin of all woe,
Farewell to friends and father, welcome Chriſt:
Adieu to danty robes, this baſe attire
Better befits an humble mind to God,
Then all the ſhew of rich habilliments.
Love, oh Love, and with fond Love farewell,
Sweet *Lacy* whom I loved once ſo deare,
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Leſt I offend to think on *Lacies* love:
But even to that as to the reſt, farewell.

Enter Lacy, Warrain, Ermsby, *booted and ſpurd*.

Lacy. Come one my wags, we're neer the Keepers Lodge,
Her e have I oft walkt in the watry Meades,
And chatted with my lovely M*argret*.

Warraine. Sirra *Ned*, is not this the Keeper?

Lacy. Tis the ſame.

Ermsby. The old letcher hath gotton holy mutton to him a Nun my Lord.

Lacy. Keeper how fareſt thou holla man, what cheare,
How doth *Peggie* thy daughter and my love?

Keeper. Ah, good my Lord! oh, woe is me for *Peggie*
See where ſhe ſtands clad in her Nuns attire,
Rea y to be ſhornin Freming ham:
She leaves the world, becauſe ſhe left your love,
Oh g d my Lord perſwade her if you can.

Lacy. Why how now *Margret*, what a malecontent,
A Nun? what holy father taught you this,
To taske your ſelf to ſuch a tedious life,

As dye a maid ? 'twere injury to me,
To ſmoe ther up ſuch beavty in a Cell.
Margret. Lord *Lacy*, thinking of my forme miſſe,
How fond the prime of wanton yeers were ſpent
In love, Oh fie upon that fond conceite,
Whoſe hope and eſſence hangeth in the eye,
I leave both love and loves content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of him.
Lacy. Whence, *Peggie*, comes the Metamorphoſis ?
What ſhorne a Nun, and I have from the Court
Poaſted with courſers to convay thee hence,
To Windſor, where our marriage ſhall be kept?
Thy wedding roabs are in the Taylors hands.
Come *Peggie*, leave theſe peremptory vowes.
Margret. Did not my Lord reſigne his intereſt,
And made divorce twixt Margret and him ?
Lacy. 'Twas but to try ſweet *Peggies* conſtancy :
But will fair *Margret* leave her love and Lord ?
Margret. Is not heavens joy before earths bliſſe ?
And life above ſweeter then life in love ?
Lacy. Why then, *Margret* wil be ſhorne a Nun.
Marg. *Margret* hath made a vow, which may not be revoke.
Warraine. We cannot ſtay, my Lord, and if ſhe be ſo ſtrict,
Our leiſure graunt us not to woo afreſh.
Ermsby. Chooſe you fair Damſell, yet the choiſe is yours,
Either a ſolemn Nunnery, or the Court,
God, or Lord *Lacy*, which contents you beſt
To be a Nun, or elſe Lord *Lacies* wife ?
Lacy. A good motion. *Peggie*, your anſwer muſt be ſhort.
Margret. The fleſh is frayle, my Lord doth know it well,
That when he comes with his inchanting face,
Whatſoere betide, I cannot ſay him nay.
Off goes the habit of a maidens heart,
And ſeeing fortune will, fair Fremingham,
And all the ſhew of holy Nuns, faire well,

Lacy for me, if he will be my Lord.

Lacy. Peggie, my Lord, thy love, thy husband,
Truſt me, by truth of Knighthood, that the King
Stayes for to marry matchleſſe *Ellinor*,
Vntill I bring thee richly to the Court,
That one day may both marry her and thee.
How ſayſt thou Keeper, art thou glad of this?

Keeper. As if the Engliſh King had given
The Park and Deere of Freſingfield to me.

Ermesby. I pray thee my Lord of Suſſex, why art thou in a brown ſtudy?

Warren. To ſee the nature of women, that be they never ſo neere God, yet they love to dye in a mans armes.

Lacy. What have you for breakefaſt? we have hied and poaſted all this night to Freſingfield.

Margret. Butter and cheeſe, and humbles of a Deere,
Such as poore Keepers have within their Lodge.

Lacy. And not a bottle of wine?

Margret. Weel find one for my Lord.

Lacy. Come, Suſſex, let's in, wee ſhall have more, for ſhe ſpeakes leaſt, to hold her promiſe ſure. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Devill to ſeeke Miles.

Devill. How reſtleſſe are the ghoſts of helliſh ſprites,
When every Charmer with his Magick ſpels,
Cals ns from nine-fold trenched Philegiton,
To ſend and over-ſcoure the earth in poaſt,
Vpno the ſpeedy wings of ſwifteſt winds?
Now *Bacon* hath taiſd me from the darkeſt peep,
To ſearch about the world for *Miles* his man,
For *Miles*, and to torment his lazy bones,
For carileſſe watching of his brazen-head.
Se whe e he comes: Oh he is mine.

Enter Miles *with a gowne and a corner cap.*

Miles. A Scholler, quoth you, marry ſir, I would I had beeen made

made a bottle-maker, when I was made aſcholler; for I can get neither to be a Deacon, Reader, nor Schoole-maſter; no, not the Clark of a Pariſh; ſome call me dunce: another ſaith, my head is as full of Latting, as an eg's full of oat-meal: thus I am tormented, that the Devill and Fryer *Bacon* haunts me. Good Lord, here's one of my maſters Devills! Ile go ſpeak to him: what maſter *Plutus*, how cheer you?

Devill. Dooſt thou know me?

Miles. Know you, ſir, why are not you one of my maſters Devils, that were wont to come to my maſter Doctor *Bacon*, at Brazen-noſe?

Devill. Yes marry am I.

Miles. Good Lord, M. *Plutus*, I have ſeen you a thouſand times at my maſters, and yet I had never the manners to make you drinke; but ſir, I am glad to ſee how comfortabl you are to the ſtate; I warrant you, he's as yemonly a man, as you ſhall ſee, marke you maſters, here's a plain honeſt man, without welt or garde; but I pray you ſir, do you come lately from hell?

Devill. I marry, how then?

Miles. Faith, tis a place I have deſired long to ſee, have you not good tippling houſes there? may not a man have a luſty fire there, a pot of good Ale, a paire of cards, a ſwinging peece of chalke, and a brown toaſt that will clap a white waſcoat on a cup of good drink?

Devill. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me friend, and I am for you: but I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Devill. Yes, a thouſand: what wouldſt thou be?

Miles. By my troth, ſir, in a place, where I may profit my ſelf. I know hell is a hot place; and men are marvelous dry, and much drink is ſpent there; I would be a Tapſter.

Devill. thou ſhalt,

Miles. Ther's nothing lets me from going with you, but that tis a long journy, and I have never a horſe.

Devill. Thou ſhalt ride on my back.

Miles. Now ſurly here's a courteous devill, that for to plea-

ſure his friend, will not ſtick to make a jade of himſelfe: but I pray you goodman friend, let me move a queſtion to you.

Devill. What's that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Devill. An amble.

Miles. Tis well, but take heed it be not a trot,
But tis no matter, Ile prevent it.

Devill. What doſt?

Miles. Marry, friend, I put on my ſpurs: for if I find your pace either a trot, or elſe vneaſie, Ile put you to a falſe gallop, Ile make you feele the benefit of my ſpurs.

Devill. Get up upon my back.

Miles. Oh Lord, here's even a goodly marvell, when a man rides to hell on the Devils back. *Exeunt roaring.*

Enter the Emperour with a pointleſſe ſword, next, the King of Caſtile, carrying a ſword with a point, Lacy *carrying the Globe,* Edward Warren *carrying a rod of gold with a Dove on it,* Ermsby *with a Crowne and Scepter, the Queene with the fair maid of Freſingfield on her left hand,* Henry, Bacon, *with other Lords attending.*

Edward. Great Potentates, earths miracles for ſtate,
Think that Prince *Edward* humbles at your feet,
And for theſe favours on his martiall ſword,
He vowes perpetiall homage to your ſelves,
Yeelding theſe honours unto *Elinor.*

Henry. Gramercies, Lordings, old *Plantagenet*,
That rules and ſwayes the Albian Diademe,
With teares diſcovers theſe conceived joyes,
And vows requitall, if his men at armes,
The wealth of England, or due honours done
To *Elinor*, may quite his Favorites.
But all this while what ſay you to the Dames,
That ſhine like the criſtall lamps of heaven?

Emperour. If but a third were added to theſe two,

They

They did ſurpaſſe thoſe gorgeous Images,
That gloried *Ida* with rich beautious wealth.
Margret. Tis I, my Lords, who humbly on my knee,
Muſt yeeld her horiſons to mighty love,
For lifting up his handmaid to this ſtate,
Brought from her homly cottage to the Court,
And graſte with Kings, Princes and Emperours,
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earle)
I vow obedienece, and ſuch humble love,
As may a handmaid to ſuch mighty men.
Ellinor. Thou martiall man, that weares the Almaine Crown,
And you the Weſterne Potentates of might,
The Albian Princeſſe, Engliſh *Edwards* wife,
Proved that the lovely ſtate of Freſingfield,
Fair *Margret*, Counteſſe to the Lincoln Earle,
Attends on *Ellinor*: gramercies, Lord, for her,
Tis I give thanks for *Margret* to you all,
And reſt for her due bounden to your ſelues.
Henrie. Seeing the marriage is ſolemnized,
Let's march in triumph to the Roy all feaſt.
But why ſtands Fryer *Bacon* here ſo mute?
Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That Magicks ſecrets my ſteries miſled,
And joyfull that this Royall mariage
Protends ſuch bliſſe unto this matchleſſe Realme.
Hen. Why, *Bacon*, what ſtrange event ſhall hapé to this Lad
Or what ſhall grow from *Edward* and his Queene?
Bacon. I find by deep præſcience of mine Art,
Which once I temper in my ſecret Cell,
That here where *Brute* did blind his Troynouant.
From forth the Royal Garden of a King,
Shall flouriſh out ſo rich and faire a bud,
Whoſe brightneſſe ſhall deface proud *Phœbus* ſowre,
And over-ſhadow Albian with her love.
Till then, *Mars* ſhall be maſter of the field,
But then the ſtormey threats of wars ſhall ceaſe,

The horſe ſhall ſtampe as carleſſe of the pike,
Drums ſhall be turn'd to timbrels of delight,
With wealthy favours, plenty ſhall enrich
The ſtrond that gladded wandering Brute to ſee,
And peace from heaven ſhall harbour in theſe leaves,
That gorgious beautifies this matchleſſe flower,
Apollos Hellitropian then ſhall ſtoop,
And *Venus* hyacinth ſhall vaile her top,
Iuno ſhall ſhut her Giliſlowers up.
And *Pallas* Bay ſhall baſh her brighteſt greene,
Ceres carnation in conſort with thoſe,
Shall ſtoop and wander at *Diana's* Roſe.
Henry. This Propheſie is myſticall,
But glorious Commanders of *Europa's* love,
That makes the fair England like that wealthy Ile,
Circkled with Gihen, and firſt Euphrates,
In Royallizing *Heueris* Albion,
With preſence of your princly mightineſſe,
Let's march, the tables all are ſpred,
And viandes ſuch as Englands wealth affords,
Are ready ſet to furniſh out the boards,
You ſhall have welcome, mighty potentates,
It reſts to furniſh up this Royall Feaſt,
Only your hearts are frollick: for the time
Craves that we taſt of nought but jouy ſance.
This glories England over all the Weſt. *Excunt omnes.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit vtile dulci.

FINIS.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION